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NATION

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25 REASONS TO FIRE THE PRESIDENT

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy

McGOVERN: The Man, the Press, the Machine, the Odds

Arthur I. Blaustein & Peter Y. Sussman

The *Serrano* Principle DOLLARS, SCHOLARS AND CONSTITUTION

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EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

The 'Mood' Analysts

Toward the end of September, polls and pollsters were the prime themes in the media. More recently, the center of interest has shifted to the "mood" of the electorate. It is as though the pundits, columnists and commentators have been so deeply puzzled—and distressed—by the polls that they have turned from statistics to subjective introspection.

Interpreting the "mood" of a nation as large and varied as ours is a great journalistic sport, and we have all enjoyed it from time to time. It is generally a harmless sport, but a batch of recent interpretations of the prevailing "mood," based on poll data, conveys a deplorable view of the American electorate. What emerges, as James Wechsler points out in a shrewd column in the *New York Post*, is a stereotype of "the dominant American" —fearful, selfish, unmoved by scandal, uninterested in issues, bored with politicians and cool to the candidates.

In some instances the interpretation seems to project the "mood" of the observer. Commenting on the ease with which a $75 billion defense appropriation—the largest since World War II—was passed by a 70-to-5 vote in the Senate, Senator Mansfield said: "I don't know what it is going to take to wake this country up," while his colleague Senator Fulbright sadly observed: "I suppose people can become accustomed to anything, including the killing of other humans." Taking note of the fact that a Harris poll shows 55 per cent approval for the bombing of North Vietnam as against 32 per cent opposed, *The New Yorker* (September 23) comments: "Day by day, we are turning into monsters. For a hundred reasons, and for no reason whatever, we are blowing men, women and children to bits with our bombs, and we can't feel a thing." If America, with a population six times that of the two Vietnams, had been punished as we have punished them these last six months, reports Peter R. Kann in *The Wall Street Journal* (October 4), it would mean at least 2 million Americans dead and wounded and 6 million homeless. About that we would not be apathetic. But does it follow that we are "monsters"? Or stated another way, how much truth is there in the "dominant American" stereotype as projected by "mood" analysts who get their data from the polls?

Patently the electorate is *not* indifferent. The survey made by *The Washington Post* in the ten largest states concludes that: "Virtually every voter is concerned about virtually all the problems. They just do not have much hope that everything will be resolved immediately." The contradictions inherent in our economic system, reflected in the contradictory attitudes of politicians of both parties, present voters with what they regard as unhappy options. Senator McGovern would slash defense spending—it needs slashing—but his own party is obviously unwilling to back him up on this issue, which he was initially able to develop because he came from South Dakota where defense spending is not vital to the economy. In the Senate vote on the defense appropriation bill, most of the "doves" lined up to help Senators Magnusson, Jackson and Symington with their "special" problems. The Senate committee restored the $127-million cut in the House bill for the purchase of three 747 jumbo jets (made by Boeing) to be used as airborne command posts by the President and his military commanders in case of war. The committee also restored $101 million for the purchase of thirty F-15s, a new Air Force fighter produced by McDonnell Douglas in St. Louis. Given such an exhibition of bipartisan voting behavior, it well may be that skepticism, not apathy, underlies the "mood" of the electorate on this and many related issues.

At the same time, the Democratic contenders have not zeroed in on the economic or pocketbook issues in a meaningful way. In this area voters are by no means completely bemused by the sophistries of the Nixon Administration. *The Washington Post* survey shows that voters are deeply concerned about the economy. "Strong complaints were voiced about jobs, inflation and the unemployed rate." Most American families are caught in an economic squeeze that, while it may vary in intensity at different levels, is nearly universal. Inflation is a nagging daily ache which will not go away. But it has not been stressed, with dramatic emphasis, by the Democratic contenders.

The President blandly assures us that he will not ask for new taxes—not, that is, unless Congress increases spending. He also tells us that he has no intention of pushing the value added tax in 1973. This sounds like good news, but it is clear, most economists agree, that taxes will be increased. Moreover, the Administration links its promise not to ask for more taxes with Congressional approval of the $250-billion ceiling on federal spending. This measure, it should be noted, would give the President unlimited authority to cut in whatever programs he chooses in order to get outlays down to the $250-billion figure. He will use this authority, if it is given to him, as the equivalent of a line-veto and social programs will suffer accordingly. What this means is that the fleecing of the big middle sector of the American economy that has gone on for the last four years will be as nothing to what may be anticipated if the Administration is given another four-year term. This issue has not been hammered home by the Democrats. Paradoxically, the Democrats have so many good issues (see article p. 325 this issue) that they tend to exploit all of them separately and thereby fail to make a central coherent case against the Administration that can be related to the basic concerns and interests of a majority of the electorate.

As many voters see it, the war must be ending because everyone seems to be opposed to it. The clever tactics of the Administration—Kissinger's travels alternating with denials by Ron Ziegler that anything special is cooking —have, temporarily at least, had a soothing effect. Stressing the moral aspect of the war, as Senator McGovern has been doing, is one way to counter this complacency. But Prof. Howard Schuman of the University of Michigan has shown that opposition to the war runs on two tracks. College students oppose it on moral grounds; the public at large began to oppose it after the January 1968 Tet offensive, because it seemed apparent that we were not winning it. The appeal to this larger element of the opposition should be on grounds that do not arouse guilt feel-

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ings in them but that make sense in terms of such basic concerns as taxes, inflation and the state of the economy.

So what the "mood" seems to reflect is an electorate torn in different directions, extremely skeptical of the political leadership of both parties as shown by the behavior of Congress (Southern Democrats continue to provide critically important support to the Administration on key issues, including the failure to investigate the Watergate affair) and experiencing difficulty in relating their concerns and interests to the statements of either party. But voters this year have shown themselves to be extremely independent and contradictory—as well they might be, considering the contradictions they face—and, in the words of *The Washington Post* survey, "highly volatile and given to great swings." There is still time for another such swing to take place.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Prisoners and Politics

From the time it took office to the present, the Nixon Administration has given political advantage precedence over everything else, and the return of the three prisoners of war held by Hanoi was no exception. Hanoi, of course, was similarly using the men for its political objectives and it was successful—the gesture put the war back on Page 1. On the American side, the operation achieved a new high in meanness. As public relations, it was plain stupid. The best analysis of the Administration's motivation is provided by *Newsweek* (October 9):

> The President's decision to make the release of the prisoners the linchpin of American policy on Vietnam was prompted by more than his desire to win the men's freedom. Mr. Nixon was elected on a pledge to end the war, but he has been unable to do so after nearly a full term in office. . . . He has steadfastly refused to withdraw U.S. support from the government of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu—a condition Hanoi says is essential to end the war. That being the case, Mr. Nixon needed a domestically persuasive rationale for the continued American involvement in Indochina—and the continued loss of American lives. The POWs became that rationale.

But not without cost to the Administration. The North Vietnamese released the three men to the Committee of Liaison with Families of Service Men Detained in North Vietnam. The committee, headed by Mrs. Cora Weiss and David Dellinger, is an anti-war group and a thorn in the Administration's side. On their trip to Hanoi to receive the prisoners, Mrs. Weiss and Dellinger were accompanied by Yale Chaplain William Sloane Coffin, Jr., and Richard Falk, professor of International Law at Princeton. The prisoners Hanoi was freeing were Air Force Maj. Edward Elias, Navy Lieut. Markham L. Gartley and Navy Lieut. (j.g.) Norris Charles. Charles's wife and Gartley's mother were also in the party.

The Administration made a pretense of being glad to have the men back, but to have them returned under such auspices was embarrassing. It conflicted with Mr. Nixon's worldwide ballyhoo, set in motion to throw blame for the continuing war on the North Vietnamese, because they would not release the prisoners before a cease-fire or settlement, although never, in the entire history of war-

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fare, have prisoners been released by either side until the war was brought to an end.

Predictably, a struggle ensued over the three returning Americans. To minimize any criticism the prisoners might voice against the continuation of the war, and to prevent them from declaring that they had been as well treated in captivity as could be expected, the U.S. Government seems to have planned to take them away from the Committee of Liaison in Vientiane. However, the party changed to the Peking-Moscow-Copenhagen route, and the Administration was thrown into confusion.

First it took a tough stand—Secretary Laird did not rule out court-martial proceedings or other disciplinary measures. But as the press began to carry the story in a big way, harshness was discarded in favor of a low profile. Laird declared that the Defense Department had bowels of compassion and would take into account the sufferings of the returning men. Nevertheless, it was made plain that they were still members of the armed forces, and at Copenhagen a Major named Ronald Walker boarded the SAS 747, introduced himself as the "senior military representative present" and ordered the men to don specially tailored uniforms, correct down to the last ribbon, so that they could land at Kennedy International Airport in proper attire. Other arrangements included quick separation of the three from the Committee of Liaison and each from the others; above all, they were not to talk to relatives of prisoners who were still in North Vietnam. Despite the tears of Mrs. Gartley, her son was whisked to nearby St. Alban's Hospital for physical examination and "debriefing." The Charles family raised a fuss and they were allowed an hour and a half with the lieutenant at the International Hotel at the airport. Elias is a special case. He intends to make the Air Force his career and the Defense Department is less nervous about him. However, he testified, as did the other two, that the treatment of prisoners is generally humane: the horror stories that have been circulated appear to have no basis in fact.

All of the released men are concerned about their comrades who remain in captivity. The greatest danger, of course, is that one of the bombs with which the U.S. Navy and Air Force are practicing their art will fall on a POW camp. Presumably we know the location of these camps, but, judging by the controversy over bombing of the dikes, no installation in North Vietnam is safe. Since President Nixon ordered the renewal of systematic bombing of North Vietnam, fifty GIs—chiefly airmen—have been reported captured, and 114 others are listed as missing. While wringing his hands over the POWs, Mr. Nixon is augmenting their numbers. He has not communicated with the released flyers in any way.

Why No Peace?

The men most responsible for the continuing carnage in Indochina are Nixon, Kissinger and Nguyen Van Thieu, whose role is explored in a just issued 108-page pamphlet, "Aid to Thieu," by Lê Anh Tú and Marilyn McNabb of the American Friends Service Committee, 112 South 16 Street, Philadelphia 19102. Backed by 273 references and notes, the pamphlet is a calm account of tyranny, oppression and mass murder, carried on with vast amounts of American money, military aid and the participation of the CIA. The last paragraph of the text reads:

> The demand that the U.S. cease its aid to Thieu is reasonable from the point of view of Vietnamese who want peace and national independence. It is imperative from the point of view of Americans who want to bring this country's expensive and bloody adventure in Indochina to an end.

The Nixon Administration locked itself into an alliance with Thieu at a time when that seemed the only alternative to military defeat. With his four "no's," Thieu is now the principal obstacle to a negotiated peace. Getting rid of him is the problem of Nixon and Kissinger. If they persist in keeping Thieu in power no other conclusion can be drawn than that they are determined to win the war militarily, regardless of the moral and material consequences to the American and Indochinese people.

The Great Grain Robbery

That is what it has been called and that is what it looks like. A sidelight is the quality and limitations of television reporting. How many of the millions who listened to Walter Cronkite's TV program on the grain sales to the Soviet Union really assimilated its meaning? Cronkite did his usual professional job—the investigation was thorough and the facts were presented clearly and in logical order. But it is a story more suitable for reading than viewing.

The story begins with the fact that the Soviet Union was short of the hard red wheat of which the United States is a principal source. The shortage was of potentially disastrous proportions, but initially no one knew its true extent except the top agricultural authorities. Later American grain dealers learned what was up, but the last to know were the American wheat growers. So farmers in the Southwest—Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma—sold early and cheaply, when the price was $1.30 to $1.40 a bushel—it later went to $2.06. Not only were they not told what was in prospect but the information they received was wrong: yes, there would be Russian purchases but there was little chance that the price would soar. As late as mid-August, when the Department did know the full extent of the Soviet shortages, a report detailing the facts was suppressed.

The matter was discussed at the May summit talks in Moscow. On July 8 the President announced that the way was now open for Russian purchases, but as late as July 18 the extent of the purchases was minimized: perhaps 100 million bushels. Actually, by that time the six big grain exporters had sold 267 million bushels and were on their way to 419 million bushels. The exporters knew what they needed to know, as the farmers did not.

J. W. Anderson, in *The Washington Post*, explains several facets of this situation. To say that a wheat exporter has sold, say, 150 million bushels is an oversimplification. What the exporter has done is sign a contract to deliver that quantity of wheat, at a price not publicly disclosed, at specified points on dates over the months to come. But the exporter hasn't got the wheat, and must buy it to fulfill his contract. He must buy as

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quietly and unobtrusively as possible, forestalling as far as possible the inevitable rise in prices. He buys where he can—from elevator operators, from cooperatives, from Agriculture Department stocks, from other dealers who may be long on wheat while he is short.

Six big exporters handle something like 90 per cent of overseas grain sales. Theirs is the world, Anderson writes, of "superb channels of private intelligence, good connections with officials in many governments," a world in which the actors are disinclined to disclose prices and profits.

There is nothing wrong with sales of grain or other foodstuffs to the Soviet Union or China or any other country. What is wrong is the manipulation that goes on, the windfalls that are contrived, and the way subsidies are paid out of the taxpayers' and consumers' pockets.

By law, a subsidy must be paid when the domestic price of wheat is higher than the world price. At the time the deals with Russia were being made there was little difference between the two, and no occasion for a subsidy. But by July 12 the difference was around 13¢ a bushel, and the domestic price—and the subsidy—were soaring. The Administration was finally forced to call a halt: on August 25, it announced it was abandoning its commitment to maintain a stable export price. By that time, the Russians had stopped buying, but on August 24 the Department of Agriculture phoned a select list of exporters to apprise them of the change in policy. The subsidy is determined by the date on which a sale is registered, not the date on which the contract was signed. The six big exporters had been holding back on registration as long as possible so as to reap, one might say, as large a subsidy as possible. As of August 24 the subsidy was 47¢ a bushel. That was a golden week. At the end of it, 212 million bushels were registered at a 47.5¢ subsidy.

The results, briefly summarized, are about $100 million extracted from the American taxpayer; a reduction in the surplus that may cost American farmers $69 million or more next year; a rise in the price of wheat, and a consequent rise in the price of bread for the housewife.

It may all be perfectly legal under existing law, but that suggests there is something wrong with the law. And may there not be a conflict of interest in the case of Clarence D. Palmby, who until last June was Assistant Secretary of Agriculture for International Affairs and left the Department on June 12 to become vice president of the Continental Grain Company? Mr. Palmby was a prominent member of the delegation which accompanied Secretary of Agriculture Earl L. Butz to Moscow for preliminary discussions of credit terms for possible (but probable) grain purchases by the Russians. Mr. Palmby was making $38,000 a year at Agriculture; his salary at Continental is said to be more than $100,000, on which he can afford an apartment on Sutton Place in New York in the $90,000 to $100,000 range. Secretary Butz sturdily defends his former aide from any charge of wrongdoing, but now concedes that there may have been an "appearance" of wrongdoing. To an outsider, it seems more than a shadow. One hopes that the House Agriculture subcommittee will persist in its attempt to pry out the facts.

25 Reasons to Fire the President

SEN. EDWARD M. KENNEDY
Senator Kennedy is the author of In Critical Condition: The Crisis in America's Health Care, *recently published by Simon and Schuster.*

When David stood before Goliath, he had no time for opinion polls or the fears of fainthearted compatriots on the sidelines; the same is true this year of George McGovern as he stands before President Nixon in the battle for the White House. The Senator from South Dakota has armed himself with the only weapons that are necessary to win the battle on November 7—a record of integrity and compassion for every citizen, answers for every issue, and faith in the rightness of his cause.

The stakes are high in this election year, and they are high because people are fed up—fed up with a war that will not end; fed up with jobs that can't be found; fed up with tax loopholes that can't be closed; fed up with streets that can't be safe; fed up with leadership that cannot lead; fed up with government that does not care about the people. That's why many of the questions we are asking this year are the same ones that President Kennedy asked in 1960, that Robert Kennedy asked in 1968, and that George McGovern is asking in 1972. What kind of leadership do we want for our cities and our states, our nation and the world?

To countless men and women I have met across the country in recent weeks, the answer to that question is clear. Measured against the high standards of the past, our aspirations are no longer being met. We search for peace and all we find is war. We search for equal justice and all we find is special privilege. We search for excellence, and all we find is mediocrity. We need a President who can inspire the country, bring back the vision and commitment we used to have, and give us the courage to meet our challenges on all the issues that matter deeply to the people. It's all very well for the President to visit the Russians and Chinese, but what about the problems of the citizens he leaves behind him here at home?

The first great challenge we face in 1972 is the challenge to deal effectively with the vital issues that confront us. But that's not the only challenge. The challenge in this election year goes beyond any single substantive issue. It goes beyond war and peace, or inflation and unemployment, or health and education, or crime and drug control.

The challenge is also one that asks whether we want government for the many, or government for the few, whether we want leaders who serve all the people, or

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only the special interests. In addition, it is a challenge that asks us whether we want a government that is open and candid with the people, or one that is closed and cloaked with secrecy to keep the people out. Finally, it is a challenge that goes to the very heart of honesty and integrity in our government, its freedom from corruption.

Every day, George McGovern is talking about these challenges. Every day, the arguments accumulate, as we pile reason on top of reason to vote against Richard Nixon—twenty-five reasons to vote against the re-election of the President, and the list has only just begun:

(*1*) *Vietnam.* As Mr. Nixon told us in 1968, "Those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace should not be given another chance." We want a President who will keep his promise to end the war and bring the prisoners back. We want a President who will stop spending tens of billions of our nation's precious dollars on Saigon and Indochina, and start spending them on all our states and cities here at home.

(*2*) *Prices.* Every time a housewife buys a pound of meat in any supermarket in the country, she pays the hidden tax of rising prices. Why should the profits of the nation's largest corporations be going through the roof, when the wages of the ordinary citizen are locked in Phase 2's cellar?

(*3*) *Jobs.* Two million more Americans have lost their jobs across the country since 1968—5 million citizens out of work in all, thanks to the recession Mr. Nixon gave us. We want an administration that will provide jobs for all who want them, instead of blaming unemployment on the women of America, on veterans returning from Vietnam, and on college students and other young Americans entering the labor market.

(*4*) *Devaluation of the Dollar.* For a generation, spanning World War II, the Korean War and most of the Vietnamese War, the dollar held its own in all the markets of the world. Then, in 1971, in the wake of the Administration's disastrous trade and economic policies, the dollar fell apart and had to be devalued, a tragic symbol of America's fallen prestige throughout the world.

(*5*) *Taxes.* We've had four years of new tax breaks for big business and opposition to every decent tax reform that Congress tries to pass. Our present laws are nothing but a giant sieve, full of loopholes worth billions of dollars in special benefits to the special interests every year. The Internal Revenue Code has become America's biggest welfare bill, but it's the sort of welfare that only Alice in Wonderland can understand, because the greatest benefits go to the richest individuals and largest corporations. And don't forget, there's a national sales tax in your future, if Mr. Nixon is re-elected.

(*6*) *Cities.* The cities are in crisis, yet the Administration ignores them because they are not burning. The President is willing to waste billions on defense and foreign military aid, but he vetoes millions for housing in the inner cities and impounds a billion more in funds that Congress made available for urban need.

(*7*) *The Vice President.* The new image they're trying to unveil this year is so transparently the same Vice President we've had before that no one is being fooled. The Vice President is an issue this year, because Sargent Shriver has made him one. As Mr. Shriver put it in his acceptance speech, "I am not embarrassed to be George McGovern's seventh choice for Vice President—pity Mr. Nixon: his first and only choice was Spiro Agnew."

(*8*) *Southern Strategy.* Sooner or later, people will see that this strategy is nothing more than Reconstruction warmed over, a cynical device to keep the South preoccupied with race and bussing to the exclusion of basic goals in areas like homes, schools, jobs and health.

(*9a*) *Haynsworth.* The President forgot that Congress cares about the integrity of the Supreme Court and its freedom from suspicion in areas like conflict of financial interest.

(*9b*) *Carswell.* The President compounded the felony by forgetting that Congress cares about the caliber of Supreme Court Justices and their dedication to the principle of equal rights for every citizen.

(*10*) *Welfare.* When the President's Family Assistance plan was launched in 1969, it became the domestic high-water mark of the Administration. Since then, we've seen three years of apathy, retreat and outright encouragement of Republican efforts to scuttle it in Congress—a perfect example of the Administration's monumental rhetoric and minuscule performance. What right does Richard Nixon have to talk about George McGovern's welfare plan, when the President's own economic policies have added 6 million people to the welfare rolls across the nation since 1968?

(*11*) *Social Security and the Elderly.* Over the past four years, we have had constant opposition from the Administration to every bill we tried to pass in Congress to help the nation's 20 million senior citizens, especially in areas like food and health and jobs. In the latest sorry chapter, the Administration fought tooth and nail against the 20 per cent increase in Social Security benefits that Congress passed last June. Now, as the checks go out to millions of the nation's elderly before Election Day, the Administration has the nerve to enclose a slip claiming credit for the work that Congress did alone. Whatever became of Truth in Packaging?

(*12*) *18-year-old Vote.* As with Social Security, the Administration fought against the reduction of the voting age by Congress in 1970. Now, the White House is cynically trying to claim some credit for expansion of the franchise. But young and old alike see through the strategy on these two issues, and young and old alike know how to cast their votes.

(*13*) *Human Rights.* You have to go back to the era of Reconstruction to find a comparable abdication by a national administration of its responsibility for civil rights. And it's not just black Americans who bear the brunt of such neglect. It's millions of Mexican-Americans, millions of Indians, millions of Italians, Jews and Irish, and countless others who want a government that cares about their needs and rights.

(*14*) *Education.* The four-year record of vetoes and constant underfunding of major federal programs is eloquent testimony to the Administration's disregard for the nation's schools and colleges. Perhaps, they say, if they can raise enough dust over bussing, the clouds will hide the crisis in our classrooms.

(*15*) *Health.* We have a health-care crisis because the Administration cares more about the health of the

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private insurance industry and the AMA than about the health of 200 million citizens. They call their program a Partnership for Health, but the only partnership we see is the partnership with the special interests and big campaign contributors.

(*16*) *Vetoes.* Call the roll of Nixon vetoes, and you see the programs at the bottom of the Administration's barrel—health, hospitals, education, housing, TV campaign spending, jobs, family doctors, public works, child care, public broadcasting, railroad retirement benefits, and health and education yet again. Twelve consecutive vetoes of domestic social programs and reforms. Not since the Supreme Court's Nine Old Men tried to hobble Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal in the 1930s has there been such wholesale opposition to the nation's basic needs.

(*17*) *The Fort Worth Five.* No case better symbolizes the quality of Nixon justice and the Administration's dismal record on civil liberties than the harsh and vindictive imprisonment, for twelve long weeks, of five Irish-Americans from New York in the Tarrant County Jail in Fort Worth, Tex. Finally, thanks to the courage and perseverance of the prisoners and their attorneys, the Supreme Court granted bail. Isn't it a wonderful country, you say, when the nation's highest Court can reach into a place like the Tarrant County Jail and touch the victims of injustice, men unable on their own to resist the powerful forces that oppress them? But what sort of country is it where the Supreme Court is required to take such action to protect the people?

(*18*) *Worker Health and Safety.* Congress passed a law in 1970 to protect workers on the job, but the Administration refuses to give it the effective enforcement it deserves. Why should we have an administration that cares more about the welfare of Lockheed and Penn Central than it does about the well-being of working men and women? Why should we have an administration that can put 30,000 men in Asia to protect President Thieu and his regime in South Vietnam, but somehow can't put 4,000 inspectors in our nation's plants and factories to protect workers on the job?

(*19*) *Postal Rate Increase.* The ink was hardly dry on the Postal Reorganization Act by Congress in 1970, when Mr. Blount and the Postal Service imposed exorbitant new rate increases on thousands of the nation's magazines and other publications. Nothing better illustrates the Administration's contempt for a free and robust press than its participation in this death sentence for many journals that ought to have a protected place in our society under the First Amendment.

(*20*) *Crime.* That's another broken promise we recall from 1968, the promise to bring back law and order. We know the dismal record of achievement, the soaring rate of crime, the shootings of policemen, the fear on urban streets. Congress passed a law in 1968—the Safe Streets Act—to try to meet the problem. But all we ever got was a maze of inefficiency and incompetence and corruption from the Justice Department in trying to implement the program. The slaying of Wolfgang Friedmann on the sidewalks of New York is a tragic symbol of the rising rate of crime in every major city in the nation. That's the cruelest single irony of this Administration. President Nixon came to power in 1968 on a pledge to

$1M+,000 INVOLVED IN WATERGATE BREAK-IN
$350,000 IN STANS' PRIVATE SAFE
FUND-RAISER BANK CHARTER
$750,000 IN MEXICAN BANK ACCOUNTS
KLEINDIENST
$300,000 NIXON "MILK FUND" TAKE
BRIBE OFFER TO KLEINDIENST
SAN DIEGO U.S. ATTORNEY SCANDAL
ITT SCANDAL
$10 MILLION SECRET NIXON FUND

Herblock, The Washington Post

end the war in Asia and begin the war on crime. Four years later, we're still at war in Asia and we haven't yet begun the war on crime.

(*21*) *Guns.* We have a crisis over gun control, because the Administration is less concerned about people's lives than it is about the campaign dollars the National Rifle Association can contribute and the votes the gun nuts can deliver.

(*22*) *Farmers.* Agriculture is still America's largest industry, yet the farmers of the nation have now endured four long years of neglect and rising costs and giant corporations taking over family farms. And all they see is fancy "Salutes to Agriculture" at the White House for farmers who are rich. Why doesn't the Administration start paying farmers for their products, instead of simply praising them for their productivity? The Russian wheat deal is only the latest sellout. They said it was just coincidence, when the big grain exporters made all those windfall profits after getting telephone calls from the government with inside information about the deal. I don't call that coincidence. I call that corruption.

(*23*) *ITT.* This case says it all. The doors of the White House are open wide to every chairman of the board, but they're bolted tight against the average citizen. They said it was just coincidence, when ITT gave $400,000 for the GOP convention this year, at the very time when a major antitrust case was pending and settled favorably. I don't call that coincidence. I call that corruption.

(*24*) *Secret Campaign Funds.* What about the $10 million slush fund for the President's campaign? When General Eisenhower was in charge in 1952, Mr. Nixon

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almost lost his place on the party's ticket because of an $18,000 secret fund. How can the President expect to keep his place in the White House now, with a $10 million secret fund? They said is was just coincidence when hundreds of thousands of dollars in campaign contributions poured in from the dairy lobby, a week before the federal price supports for milk were raised. I don't call that coincidence. I call that corruption.

(25) *Watergate.* Last but not least, why doesn't the President listen to the American people in public, instead of trying to eavesdrop on the Democratic Party in private? They said it was just coincidence that the burglars at the Watergate were also on the payroll of the President's campaign committee. I don't call that coincidence. I call that corruption.

That's the way it is on every other issue. Time and again, the Administration has betrayed the public trust. It has thumbed its nose at the interests of the people. It has denied the basic rights protected by our Constitution.

Day after day, I've sat in the hearing rooms of Congress and in the Senate chamber. I've heard the Administration try to defend itself against the incompetence and outright scandals that keep floating to the surface. I wish that every citizen could have spent a day with us in Washington over the past four years. It's bad enough when you read it in the headlines, but it's worse when you're there in person.

That's why 1972 is so important. If citizens are concerned about the issues, concerned about the power of the special interests, concerned about the veil of secrecy in our government, and, above all, concerned about corruption, they'll send George McGovern to the White House to begin the fight for all the people, and they'll send President Nixon back to his Wall Street law firm to continue the fight for the private interests he's served so well in public office. □

McGOVERN: The Man, the Press, the Machine, the Odds

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Excuses aside, however, the fact remains that George McGovern hardly seems to have a really good shot at the Democratic nomination.

To open with a digression:

> McGovern is fighting a battle so steeply uphill that it must, at times, seem hopeless . . . he has failed to produce any of the results that normally signal the emergence of a major national candidate.
>
> He has attracted none of the traditional power blocs in the Democratic Party. He has precious little labor support. . . . He has no machine support. . . .
>
> Worst of all, he does not appear to have mobilized the people who should constitute his natural following: the liberal Democrats, the poor, the blacks, the young and the body of activists who supported Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy in 1968.
>
> He is running well back in the polls among the Democratic contenders and even Las Vegas oddsmaker Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder figures McGovern a 21-1 shot for the Democratic nomination, lowest on the list except for New York Mayor John Lindsay.
>
> The reasons why McGovern has failed to become a leading—let alone widely supported—candidate are several. Richard Nixon has robbed him of his prime issue, ending the war in Vietnam . . . most Americans don't think of the war as an issue any more.
>
> Furthermore, though he is very bright McGovern lacks that star quality called charisma . . . he fails to come across where any modern candidate must—on television.
>
> "He says the right things and he has a nice face," says one McGovern aide. But, he adds wistfully, "if only the lucky phrase would come to put him on the front pages with a sharp accent. . . ."

There, in a typical nationally syndicated news dispatch—or "news analysis"—of December 1971, less than a year ago, is a characteristic assessment of McGovern and his liabilities—the candidate who hasn't fired up the young, the protest candidate when protest is ever so passé, the loser, the long-shot, the also-ran. No labor support, no machine support, no ray of hope from either George Gallup or Jimmy "the Greek." As if this compendium of liabilities weren't depressing enough, the poor bastard hasn't even got charisma.

Seven months later, George McGovern, the Senator from South Dakota, was nominated the Democratic candidate for President of the United States. (And on the first ballot.) Still, this man who may very well be our next President is one of the least known men in public life. It might almost be said that so much has been written about McGovern that we do not know who he is.

To a devoted reader of the nation's press, George McGovern would appear to have undergone more changes of personality in nine months than the most dedicated habitué of encounter groups. In short order, McGovern the Nice Guy, uncharismatic loser, Protest Candidate, became nationally recognized as the "stalking horse" for Teddy Kennedy. McGovern and his aides spent a lot of time on the road in those early days denying that he was really Teddy Kennedy in disguise. Then, fresh from a victory in Wisconsin, the idealistic loser was metamorphosed before our eyes into something called, collectively, "The McGovern Machine"—a computerized cadre of brilliant young organizers riding triumphantly

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through the political thickets and trouncing at the polls such naive political newcomers as Edmund Muskie, Hubert Humphrey and John Lindsay. This change can be timed rather precisely. The Loser became the Machine when he (or it) started winning elections.

The Machine reared its head next as an honest-to-God Prairie Populist and, after a few more electoral victories, an Extremist, a radical in sheep's clothing, a spoiler—indeed, a "Goldwater of the Left." He would, said the political analysts, have to "prove himself" (and a cynic might well ask, "To whom?," since all this time he was amassing a healthy winning record at the polls, the traditional way for a candidate to "prove himself").

Soon enough, however, the Also-Ran-Protest-Candidate-Stalking-Horse-Machine-Radical became "front-running Sen. George McGovern," and with it came a whole new set of personality traits. For now the nice guy with the right ideas of December became the "waffler" of June. No one knew what a "waffler" really was, but nevertheless it was clear to everyone that McGovern was one. And, coincidentally, all the political analysts who were convinced before the first primary that McGovern hadn't a prayer of being nominated were now knocking on the doors of smoke-filled rooms across the nation, searching for any scent they might find of a "Stop McGovern Movement." The press was largely responsible for ballooning anti-McGovern sentiment within the Democratic Party into a Stop McGovern Movement with capital letters.

But McGovern was not to be stopped, and as that became increasingly apparent, the image shifted to "McGovern the Inexorable." He moved into Miami Beach, as the *San Francisco Chronicle* described him editorially, as "the political John the Baptist with an evangelistic light of reform in his eyes." In its post-convention issue, *Time* picked up the image, describing McGovern as a man with a "Messianic drive. . . . In Miami Beach, it was like St. John the Baptist on Collins Avenue." From stalking horse to the Apocalypse in less than 100 days.

The convention brought the McGovern story full circle. The first-ballot victor became once again the predestined loser—this time against Nixon. All those newsmen who had seen their prophecies shattered in the primaries went double-or-nothing for the general election, describing McGovern (ad nauseam) as a weak candidate with enough Achilles heels to propel a centipede—he lacked labor support (read Meany), old-time Democratic support (read Daley), financial aid (wealthy Wall Streeters), and once again, popular support (read Gallup).

That, broadly, is an accurate portrait of the many McGoverns we have been treated to in the last nine months, but the amazing thing about McGovern's many faces is how widespread the myths became. It is as if some flipped-out media freak periodically threw a rumor into the puddle of public domain and watched the ripples spread through all the news channels of America. Take for example, the journalistic gymnastics that occurred with the myth of "The Prairie Populist." In *Time, Life, Newsweek,* the major dailies and on the networks, the public was treated to "in-depth analyses" ranging from the sexual interpretation of the Populist psyche to whether or not the movement in Georgia under Tom Watson was more Populist than the Grange movement in Wisconsin or Nebraska under La Follette or Norris. The *New York Times Magazine* commissioned an eminent historian to trace the development of various Populist trends in American history, supposedly to provide the philosophical basis for McGovern's political stances.

Perhaps the most compelling image was that of organization—what came to be known as the McGovern Machine. This alliterative cliché became, in but a few short weeks, so pervasive that one could be excused for thinking that McGovern never won a primary—they were all won by the "McGovern Machine." That machine was—depending on whom you read—a phalanx of teeny boppers large enough to people a PTA's collective nightmare; a computerized army of cold-blooded young technicians; a tight circle of crafty pros directing a movement of naive youngsters; a cadre of New Leftist "theoreticians"; or a religious crusade—the radicals' answer to Billy Graham.

In trying to find a handy explanation for the primary victories they couldn't understand and hadn't predicted, the political analysts grasped at the "Machine" myth. Looking more closely at McGovern in the early flush of each primary victory, reporters would see first the state apparatus—the "out-front" part of the campaign that was most readily visible—mistake it for the candidate himself, and launch into long "explainers" about why McGovern "really won" this state, resulting in such journalistic drivel as the following:

San Francisco Chronicle: "Fueled on peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, the youthful volunteers were out in force last week as the pre-primary campaigning sputtered towards its penultimate week in New Hampshire."

Joseph Alsop: "Wisconsin and Massachusetts did not in fact prove that McGovern had suddenly developed an irresistible attraction for the American voter. They proved the worth of good organization in primaries."

Newsweek: The McGovern campaigns in New York and California "will involve mobilizing a force so vast that the McGovern campaign may take its place among the major land armies."

Time: "Here was plain, slow-spoken George McGovern, minister's son, prairie populist, leading the armies of commitment and ideological chic. However ruggedly colorless the driver, his bandwagon rolled flamboyantly on, bright with the fresh-faced young and movie stars and intellectuals who had found their new political vehicle."

Where all these accounts broke down was in their failure to note that brilliant organizers and "peanut butter and jelly" power are for naught without basic electoral support.

The very fact that the state organizations were so broad-based demonstrates that McGovern had the support to begin with. One of Muskie and Humphrey's problems in state after state was that, though they had long lists of endorsements from politicians, they didn't have enough dedicated supporters to finance or staff massive campaign organizations. McGovern had broad support; Humphrey, Lindsay and Muskie didn't.

Going one step further, it could be argued that McGovern's organization was not indeed all that power-

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ful. He had numbers of volunteers and a few novel campaign strategies, but the basic thrust of the campaign was as traditional as peanut butter and jelly. Nor were all those *Wunderkinder* as brilliant as the McGovern detractors would have us believe. Like any other campaign organization the McGovern camp had its share of superstars with stout egos, some deadwood and a steadily increasing number of opportunists who wanted to latch onto a winner.

McGovern *did* have broad grass-roots support (and grass-roots money); he *did* have several devices for getting his volunteers close to the restive voter. And he had one important organizational strategy that was mostly overlooked by the press—let the locals do their own thing. The Washington staff was the smallest possible for a national campaign.

Indeed, the primary campaign's biggest asset was its very absence of organization. That was what allowed McGovern to get closer to the voters, while other candidates sidled closer to the powerless "power brokers." McGovern had a couple of good strategists at the top—not excluding George McGovern—and a mass of enthusiastic, innovative and tireless volunteers at the bottom, with very little managerial organization in between. What looked like a machine to the press was little more than a national "happening."

After the convention, some of the flaws inherent in the "brilliant" primary organization began to surface. Lacking people at the "middle-management" level, it had difficulty functioning as a cohesive multilevel operation. Essentially it was a campaign with a one-track mind—at the very top.

Like McGovern himself to some degree, the campaign was able to handle only one issue at a time. As McGovern had attacked the war or hunger or farm issues in the course of his Senatorial career—but rarely several issues at the same time—so his Presidential campaign suffered from single-mindedness. The staff that had functioned so smoothly when it contested one primary state at a time—concentrating all its resources on that state—seemed to come unraveled when confronted with an unexpected challenge to the California delegation in the Credentials Committee. So the single-minded campaign staff devoted all its time to overcoming the California challenge, thereby scanting the most important decision of all—the choice of a Vice Presidential candidate. That decision—made in about twelve hours—ultimately cost the campaign several precious weeks (not to mention momentum, an aura of candor and desperately needed cash) that should have been spent developing detailed and critical campaign plans.

So the organizational myth tells less about the power of McGovern's organization than about the power of the media priests, who seemed determined to "explain" McGovern's victories without explaining McGovern himself, or the "new electorate" that kept working and voting for him. There are many possible explanations for this journalistic obfuscation, not the least of which is the ties most journalists have with their news sources. There is in this country a political elite that extends far beyond "official" Washington. It includes lobbyists, fat cats, corporate executives, politicians and big-name journalists. All have common lines of communication and interrelated needs.

The power of a reporter or columnist is dependent, to a large extent, on his contacts with those who actually hold power. And he is tied emotionally and professionally to those with whom he can most easily communicate. One can imagine James Reston dining with Hubert Humphrey at the latter's summer home in Waverly, Minn., and emerging with a week's worth of "insider" column material. It is more difficult to imagine Reston—or for that matter Eric Sevareid, Evans and Novak, Joe Alsop, Max Lerner, Roscoe Drummond or Joe Kraft—dining on their own turf with members of a black caucus, a women's caucus, a Chicano caucus, or indeed with any of the "new power brokers" of the recent Democratic convention. They are outside the personal and informational orbits of these men.

The ties between newsman and news maker are effective information channels when the political alignments of a country maintain an even keel; but at times of political upheaval, of dramatic voter shifts and "new coalitions," the elite reporters and columnists will throw in their lot naturally with the old coalitions—the sources of their information and the sources of their power. Their wisdom will be conventional wisdom; their insights will be dated; their biases will rise to the surface in even the most dispassionate of news commentaries.

Other reportorial errors can be traced directly to candidates who try to sell a particular image of an opponent to the press and the public—the "'planted leak." Often the image takes on a life of its own in the netherworld of journalists attached by habit and need to that candidate's camp. Sen. Henry Jackson was one of the first to worry in public about McGovern's "difficulties on amnesty, pot and abortion." Soon the idea gained such wide currency that it managed to outlive the political fortunes of its major proponent.

Newsweek: "Perhaps more important, many Democratic veterans wonder what will happen to McGovern's blossoming blue-collar appeal when Humphrey and Wallace begin drawing attention to his stands in favor of bussing, legalized abortion and eased penalties for marijuana use."

The *Los Angeles Times*: "The toothache stems from McGovern's positions on a group of ticklish issues, including abortion, amnesty, bussing, tax reform, and his personal attitude toward business."

Time: "Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott was moved to call McGovern the 'triple-A candidate—acid, amnesty and abortion.' "

Everyone, it seemed, knew of McGovern's "difficulties on amnesty, pot and abortion"—even those who could not state with any accuracy his positions on those questions.

A related kind of conventional wisdom deriving from conventional sources made Edmund Muskie the "Democratic front runner," and McGovern the one-issue "also-ran," more than a year before any citizen had a chance to vote on the question. Muskie was the front runner because the press made him the front runner, and so much for the wisdom of the press.

McGovern's base of support, one that had grown sub-

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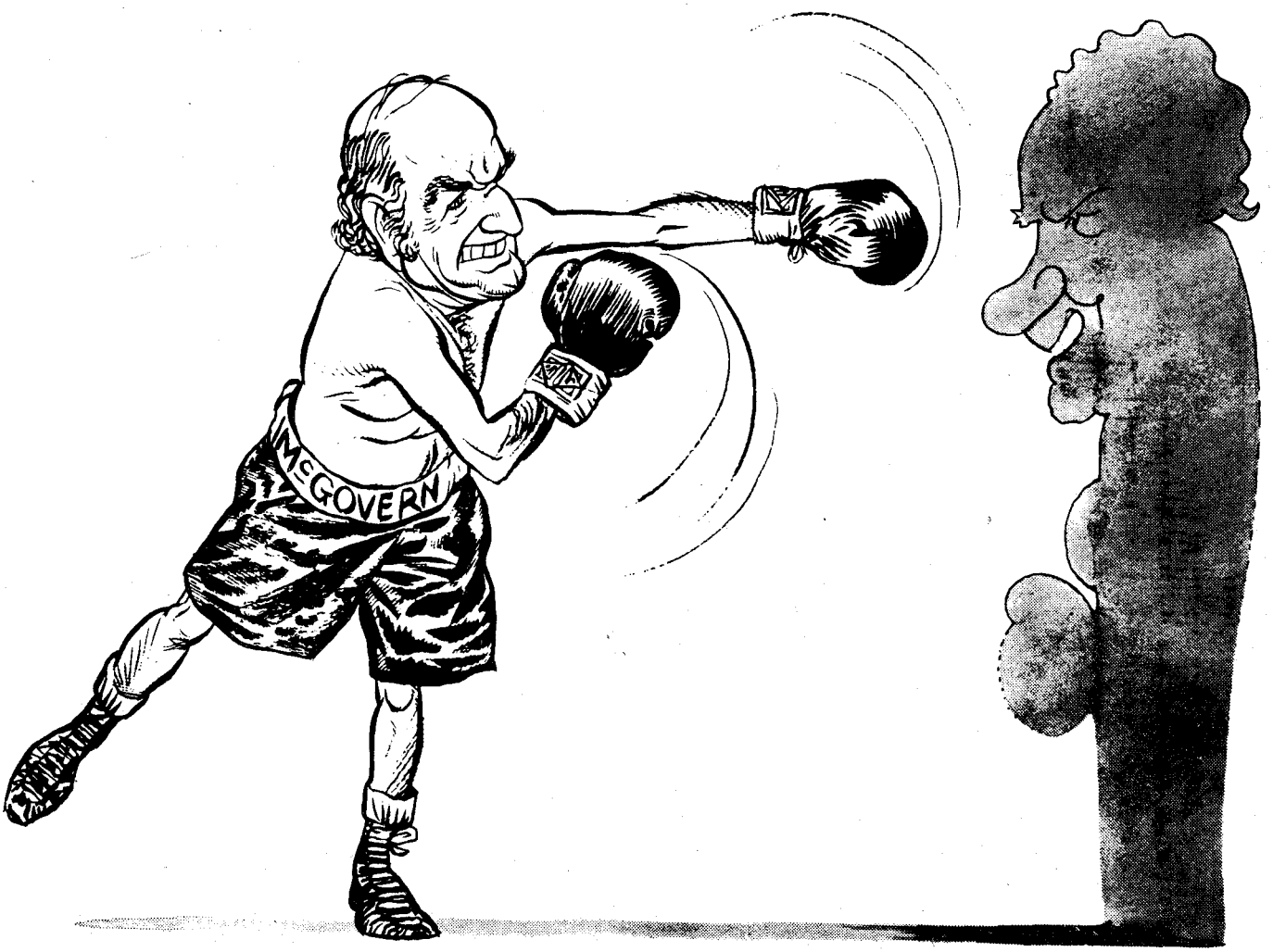
stantially in the Vietnamese War years, was not to be measured by familiar means. His base was outside the traditional political power structure; much of his money came in dollar bills through the mail, not from the Wall Street kingmakers; his workers came from homes and colleges and factories, not from machine politicians' master lists; his support derived from the blue-collar worker, not the "labor leaders," from the black man and woman, not the "civil rights leaders"; his ideology grew out of voter frustrations and home-grown dissent, not from the party platforms of years past. The few politicians who looked ahead for clues to the future saw the promise of a McGovern candidacy; those who looked back were wrong.

So the press spun its myths while McGovern got his votes. Some hints of truth lurked within every myth, but the real McGovern continued to elude the merchants of information. Now that the dust has settled a bit, it seems well past time to find out a little more about the Democratic nominee for President.

It is common practice for Congressmen and Senators to send Christmas cards to staff members, friends, contributors and other assorted and important constituents. Usually the inside carries a simple Peace on Earth message, and the cover displays a smiling family photo, a water color of a familiar landmark back home, or a picture of the Capitol. Back in 1962, having just been elected Senator by the whopping majority of 597 votes, McGovern sent out a Yuletide greeting with a picture of the White House on the cover. That is highly unusual —apparently, McGovern had set his sights on the Presidency early in his career. In fact, McGovern once told a reporter that, on Election Day, 1956, as he watched the returns mount in his first political race, he dreamed of running for the Presidency.

The meteoric rise which culminated in the "impossible dream" of 1972 becomes much less a puzzle when one analyzes the early political career of George McGovern. Anyone who took the time to trace his political ascension would have realized that he was not simply Mr. Nice Guy, the White Knight or Saint George. He is and always has been a tough, effective, skillful and ambitious politician, whose outstanding characteristic is dogged persistence. The key to McGovern's success in 1972 is rooted in his experiences as executive secretary of South Dakota's Democratic Party in the mid-fifties. What he did in South Dakota during those lonely and backbreaking years he



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The Shadow Boxer

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has now repeated in the most recent four years—only this time his vehicle is the National Democratic Party. The main difference is one of scale, but also the fact that he probably had a tougher job cut out for him in 1952, for the state party then was in worse shape even than the National Democratic Party after the 1968 Presidential campaign.

The WASPish residents of Sioux Falls, Rapid City and Aberdeen who dominate South Dakota politics are very often owners of small businesses, salesmen and bankers —the backbone of the Republican Party. But there are also Germans and Swedes who came to farm the land—and who remain less prosperous than the city folk; they brought with them the prairie radicalism of Wisconsin, Nebraska and Minnesota. It was on the latter constituency that McGovern knew he had to build his base.

From 1936 on, the years had been lean for South Dakota Democrats. And, in particular, 1952 was a disastrous year. The Democrats wound up with only two seats in the Statehouse and none in the State Senate. For the next three years George McGovern crisscrossed the state in his jalopy, trying to build a party organization.

A first priority in breathing life into the party was to organize precinct committeemen and to get candidates for all the offices on the state ballot in 1954. McGovern went to every cake sale, Sunday school picnic and civic function he could possible get to. (Years later, one of his aides remarked that George McGovern had probably shaken the hand of every South Dakotan at least once.) By 1956 he had built enough of an organization and personal following to challenge and defeat an incumbent, Harold Lovre, who had represented the First Congressional District for four terms. McGovern thus became the first Democrat elected to national office in South Dakota since early New Deal days (1934). In 1958 the Democrats elected twenty-one of their candidates to the thirty-five-member State Senate and thirty-two to the South Dakota House. At the same time McGovern was re-elected in a tough fight against the popular, outgoing Governor, Joe Foss. Almost single-handedly, McGovern had built an organization that eventually enabled the Democrats to win the Governor's mansion, both Congressional seats and a Senate seat.

It is difficult to determine just when McGovern made a conscious decision to seek the Presidency. As his deputy campaign manager and former administrative assistant, George Cunningham, tells it: "The Presidential bug was an accumulative bug. McGovern was frustrated as a seminary student. He was frustrated as a college professor—talking to thirty students, reaching maybe fifteen. He was frustrated as a Congressman, one out of 435. He was frustrated as administrator of Food for Peace. He is frustrated as a Senator. It is a bug born of frustration and an inability to achieve what he feels needs to be done in this country."

McGovern had given considerable thought to running for the Presidency in mid-1967. After much soul-searching and a realistic appraisal of his own re-election problems in South Dakota, he suggested to self-styled "President-dumper" Allard Lowenstein that maybe he'd better find someone else to take on Lyndon Johnson—someone like Eugene McCarthy. That decision was to nettle McGovern later, of course, as 1968 unfolded its bizarre and tragic surprises.

The rationale and tone behind a possible McGovern candidacy were laid out in a *Look* article which greatly impressed McGovern. In the May 28, 1968 issue of the magazine, senior editor, George B. Leonard, wrote: "It may even be possible for some present-day candidate to subvert one of the parties toward openness and encounter. He could start simply by being himself. Even now, anyone who cuts through the sham and scheming, who is entirely honest about his actions, motives and feelings, might well electrify the voters and become a real threat to the pros."

Leonard's analysis reinforced McGovern's perceptions. McGovern had ripened, and it only became a question of time. The tragic assassination of Robert Kennedy, on the night of his victory in the California primary, started the wheels in motion. McGovern did not think that McCarthy was a winner. He was a confirmed "Kennedy man," and he was under intense pressure from others in the leaderless and bitter Kennedy following. He campaigned actively for sixteen days and received 146.5 delegate votes in Chicago. Aware that he didn't have a prayer, McGovern got some exposure and set himself up as an alternative leader for the anti-war factions.

The far-sighted responsibility for reform played a major role in McGovern's journey to the nomination. The Democratic Party, and particularly its left wing, was in a shambles after the Chicago convention. Kennedy was dead, Humphrey was a loser, the party was $9 million in debt after the election, and millions of voters felt disenfranchised. McCarthy, with his poetic metaphors and self-defeating ways, was an enigma to his followers, and the puzzlement turned into bitterness when he relinquished his seat on the Foreign Relations Committee (to a hawk) and eventually dropped out of the Senate.

McGovern took advantage of the vacuum by moving ahead on two levels. First, he accepted the appointment by the Democratic National Committee as chairman of the Commission on Party Structure and Delegate Selection. He took the "dead end" task seriously and energetically—much to the astonishment of regular Democrats who learned too late that this was not another exercise in window dressing. McGovern opened the process of convention delegate selection to the disenfranchised. By coincidence, the folks he let in were those who were shut out at Chicago and who were most likely to support him. After nearly two years of tedious deliberation, the McGovern people not only rewrote the rules, they *learned them*—something his opponents neglected to do. And many of the McGovern commission "whiz kids"—who did the detailed footwork for the commission—were later to resurface as the McGovern campaign "whiz kids."

While McGovern's hands were gaining a firm hold on the party machinery, his legs carried him across the country, beginning in early 1969. He had graduated from the cake sale circuit, but he spoke to anyone else who would listen. He was out to beef up what they call in the pollster trade his "recognition factor," another point that the political heavies missed. While McGovern's position

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in the polls moved only from 3 to 6 per cent during 1971, his recognition factor jumped from 42 to 72 per cent.

By the time McGovern announced his candidacy on January 18, 1971, that cold winter afternoon in the studio of KELO-TV, Sioux Falls, S.D.—an unprecedented twenty-two months before the general election—a careful strategy had been mapped out. He had by that time become the candidate of the anti-war activists and the young. In addition, most of the work of the McGovern commission had been completed. McGovern himself said in October of 1971: "I don't think I would have had the nerve to run for the Presidency if it were not for these reforms."

In essence, then, McGovern had painstakingly built a new house within the Democratic Party, just as he had done nearly a decade ago in South Dakota. The groundwork had been laid for a national campaign at the grassroots level, a campaign like the ones in South Dakota—from the bottom up with carefully chosen constituencies.

McGovern's father, Joseph, decades earlier, had roamed the Plains personally building churches and establishing congregations and then passing on to another town to start anew, leaving behind him a string of established Methodist congregations. So his son set about building a revived Democratic Party—first in South Dakota, then nationally through the party reform rules, and then in state after state the caucuses, conventions and primaries.

As he hit the primary trail—with all the perseverance of the Rev. Joseph McGovern—what was McGovern's strongest appeal? First, he was not a convert to the anti-war movement. McGovern had been against the war since 1963. He came across therefore as a man of deep conviction. He was also open and honest, relatively new, the architect of party reform. And, too, he was "closer to the people"—of necessity, since having been close to the Kennedys he had no real power in Johnson-Humphrey's Washington and had to find his own power base outside the Senate cloakroom. He fit right into the crusader-*cum*-underdog pattern. In short, he symbolized what America was looking for after all the political duplicity of the Vietnamese War years.

In explaining his appeal, McGovern's supporters describe him as a sort of "anti-politician." Shirley MacLaine, for example, could get away with introducing the candidate—to loud cheers at one rally after another in California—by saying, "George McGovern is not a politician but a political humanist."

Some old-line Democrats, as well as reporters of type and tube, indignantly exclaimed that the McGovern people were "new faces practicing the old politics." That may have been true, but new or old, they were organized, they were close to their constituency, and they weren't buying a Muskie, a Lindsay or a Humphrey. A week before the Wisconsin primary, Eugene McCarthy wryly remarked of the McGovern operation: "He has got Kennedy staff and McCarthy followers. That's like having German officers and Irish troops."

So the generals and the troops, playing by the new rule book, built a campaign from the bottom up through the primaries. McGovern coolly plied his trade and gathered his delegates and his crucial momentum—just as he had always done—while the press built its sand castles.

The primary campaign went almost exactly as the McGovern strategists had mapped it—slowly, steadily building a delegate majority and popular momentum in a carefully selected combination of primary states. They carefully sank all the bank shots of their choice.

After all the infighting over credentials and platform at Miami Beach, it became obvious to anyone who had listened to him carefully and watched the bargaining of his floor managers that George McGovern was no radical or "Prairie Populist." At worst he was a moderate, and at best a man who seriously wanted to win. It was a point that should have been obvious all along, were it not for the smokescreen put up in the nation's media. McGovern won at the convention not so much because of parliamentary or managerial brilliance but because he had done his homework—the delegates had come to Miami Beach committed to McGovern and to the changes he represented.

The middle of a campaign is not the time to paint the likeness of any candidate in sharp personal focus, but the outlines of McGovern's personality and style have begun to emerge. His speeches and press conferences tend toward the preacher-teacher style of his early manhood. He employs wit and humor sparingly and doesn't seem very comfortable when he does. His imagination at times seems as flat as the Great Plains, though his speeches often belie that impression. He combines honesty, sensitivity, and deeply felt convictions with pragmatism and deftness. He seems to be in control of the tensions that exist in a man who consciously attempts to combine idealism with realism. He is, in short, a politician who has his ear to the ground, his sensitivities intact, who wants to win and appears to have enormous talent.

One distinguishing quality about George McGovern deserves special mention. An occupational hazard of most people who enter public life is that they become enamored of their own rhetoric. Hubert Humphrey is an example, *in extremis*. McGovern is short-winded, direct and economical on the stump. One is struck, too, by the fact that he is a serious listener—another natural asset in a country that has been "oversold" on everything from antacids to Asian wars. The "consumer" is striking back in 1972—he wants to be heard, not told. This rising popular impulse fits hand in glove with McGovern's personal style and political ideology.

McGovern has managed to crystallize the resentments of the voter of 1972. He has symbolized the underdog—the candid voice of dissent—as he has reasoned and preached the inadequacies of current governmental policies. He has symbolized, too, the inadequacies of government by press release. His is a campaign characterized often, but not consistently, by open decision making—"too open" at times for his own political good—and moralistic directness. And he has listened.

This is an ideal formula for winning a limited number of primaries, but it remains to be seen if it is also an adequate springboard from which to win a general election and then to govern. McGovern's attack until now has been more effective politically than administratively. Whether he can translate the primary victories into a successful general election victory, raise his policies to pro-

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grams, and transform his advisers into governmental managers are still matters for speculation.

The Eagleton affair is perhaps the most striking example of McGovern's administrative immaturity, and McGovern must bear the responsibility for it. As a candidate for President he can delegate work, but not responsibility. All the excuses by Gary Hart about not having enough time or people to check out Eagleton are nonsense. McGovern should, at the very least, have spent a couple of hours talking with Eagleton.

By no stretch of the imagination is George McGovern the radical the press painted him—he's not even a Populist, except insofar as he built his campaign close to the people and the issues that he encountered at a grass-roots level. He is otherwise very much the traditional liberal who believes in incremental changes, with power and control flowing from the top. A major problem for McGovern is that although he has a firm grasp of foreign policy and a deep intuitive sense of America's abiding frustrations, he has had little personal experience in dealing with economic and social problems, particularly as they affect urban centers and minority groups. Lacking a frame of reference, he has compounded the problem by becoming excessively dependent on academic theorists who tend to spin off their own concoctions, usually with little attention to tough practical solutions. Perhaps after he gets burned a few times—as in the welfare caper—McGovern will shake off some of the awe and reverence he has for academics (of which he is one).

Another problem is his excessive faith in the will and capacity of private enterprise to produce in certain areas of domestic concern, particularly in the critical areas of job training, rural development and housing. Corporate America has an abysmal record in this regard, and McGovern should be taken to task for his cavalier suggestion that some tax write-offs and a new-found spirit of government-private sector cooperation will do the trick. Some 75 million poor marginal blacks, Chicanos, Indians, Puerto Ricans and whites deserve more than vague allusions to industrial "noblesse oblige" at the taxpayer's expense.

His domestic programs—most of which are still vague—are more or less logical extensions of New Frontier-Great Society policies. And, unfortunately, a conventional mind-set refuses to admit that most of those overheralded programs of the 1960s have proved to be failures. Contrary to public relations blarney, Model Cities, Jobs in the Private Sector, Head Start and a host of acronymic programs have not brought garden apartments to the inner cities, an outpouring of employment opportunities from the trade unions or Corporate America, or a renaissance of education in the urban ghettos and barrios.

There is a huge gap in America between the availability and the use of resources. The institutional mechanisms devised by politicians and policed by bureaucrats are simply not delivering quality services. Whether it be in education, health, welfare, law enforcement, transportation, narcotics, housing or any number of other areas, most of our citizens—white and black, poor and middle class—have long since given up hope of improvement. It is for precisely these reasons that George Wallace and George McGovern did so well in the primaries.

The lessons of the last decade are that effective social programs cannot be organized in Washington, at university "think tanks" or in the board rooms of large corporations. They must be organized in local neighborhoods. Only those local organizations can do the job of combining neighborhood resources and talents with the financial and technical aid of the private sector and government into a coherent and long-term development effort that people can believe in and work for. The inadequacy of incremental gains—when even those occur—is the key to the failure of conventional liberalism, and nothing that George McGovern has said indicates that he is conscious of this underlying issue.

There is no question that the McGovern staff has many highly competent technicians, but where are McGovern's substantive people? It takes an exceptional human being to be both, and until late in September there was little evidence of serious, programmatic content emerging from the McGovern mimeograph machine—at least with regard to issues of race and poverty.

But even though McGovern has been slow to come forth with concrete solutions to pressing domestic needs, he still is in a better position than Nixon. The President, who has had four years to put his programs to work, appears to have given up altogether the search for solutions to urgent social problems. And there are a host of other issues where a McGovern administration would seem heaven-sent next to the Nixon gang. A serious analysis of his administrative decisions, legislative requests and personal biases reveal the President to be the ultimate practitioner of political expedience. Mr. Nixon's public pronouncements on nearly every major issue—unemployment, school bussing, welfare reform, tax reform, prison reform, hunger, black capitalism, the Haynsworth and Carswell nominations to the Supreme Court, the drug problem, abortion, the William Calley affair, My Lai, the plight of the POWs, Vietnamization, the bombing of the dikes, revenue sharing, the Manson trial, the India-Pakistan War—are phrased for maximum PR effect and are devoid of serious content. They do not even hint at a sensitive understanding of critical social problems, nor do they suggest the quality of leadership that will bring us closer to their solution. It is not by coincidence that most of Nixon's closest personal advisers are ad agency executives and most of McGovern's are journalists and academicians.

The luckless leaders of the tin-cup brigade (Lockheed, Penn Central, ITT, Boeing, and ever so many more) are far more important to the President than old people on fixed incomes, workers with frozen wages, minority groups or the 6 million children suffering from malnutrition. He wants desperately to be re-elected, and he knows which side of the bread has the butter. Big campaign money comes from the vaults of industry and Wall Street; Democratic money traditionally comes from the check-off dollars of wage earners. The best Nixon can offer to the vast majority of Americans is half-truths and, with the help of his ad agency-in-residence, he has elevated their utterance to an art form.

McGovern, by contrast, has opposed Nixon on just about every issue listed above. He senses Nixon's vulnerability both on the issues and on the way he exploits them.

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The central thrust of his campaign is, "You can't trust Richard Nixon." Dissatisfaction with Nixon is present just below the surface throughout the country. George Wallace exploited the discontent without a program; McGovern will use it to his advantage with a limited program. He will nourish that discontent through the four central themes of his campaign: an end to the war in Vietnam, tax reform, redirected priorities, and the restoration of trust and truthfulness in government.

George McGovern manifests an almost prophetic (and noncharismatic) sense of the collective dignity and resources of the American people. Whether he can translate abstract attitudes into specific programs is, of course, conjectural. He succeeded in doing just that within the limited arena of the Food for Peace program. On a broader scale, though, he gives the impression that he is a man who has no intention of seeing the country or himself getting clobbered for entertaining a vision.

And one vital factor will serve to "keep him honest." His constituency—however developed—consists largely of those Americans most aggrieved by the problems and dislocations of the "New America." A President cannot move too far from his natural constituency, and in order to maintain his political base, McGovern, as President, would have a mandate to attack the problems of America in innovative and forceful ways. If he did not do so, the consequences could be truly disastrous. Similarly, Nixon, though taking short excursions away from his political home base, has been unwilling to make any dramatic departures from the interests of Corporate America. And, most assuredly, he will be under *no* compulsion to do so in his final term.

While the press has busied itself putting George McGovern into old political bags, the man from South Dakota has diligently laid the groundwork for a true "new coalition" within the ruins of the Vietnam-era Democratic Party. Nixon and McGovern both maintain that the American people have a real choice this go-around, and they're no doubt correct. The men are dramatically different in style and substance, in interest and in constituency. Both also agree that Nixon's record is "the issue." It could make a strong case for the challenger. □

THE MIDDLE EAST AFTER MUNICH

HERBERT KROSNEY
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Jerusalem

Much of the world holds the opinion that Israelis are a people whose military and political policy toward the Arabs is based on "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," but I don't think that the Old Testament injunction accurately reflects the Israeli response to acts of murder and intimidation against its civilian and military population.

Israel has not survived for twenty-five years by wallowing in illusions. The shock of the last few weeks and months of terror has by now been contained. A war is going on; it is a different type of war. Israel must adapt its defenses and offenses to the new warfare.

Who would think that three mad Japanese would come to Israel on a Kamikaze mission, simply to shoot and kill any civilians who wandered in front of their machine guns? Who could believe that Fatah's Black September group—an arm of its intelligence wing, according to Israeli experts—would take hostage much of the Israeli Olympic squad and, when their demands were not met, kill the hostages while meeting their own deaths?

Other recent events include:

¶A bomb placed in some luggage exploded in the cargo hold of an El Al 747 taking off from Rome; however, the steel reinforcement of the cargo hold limited damage and protected the passengers.

¶An Israeli diplomat was called to a meeting in a bar in Belgium and sprayed, gangster-style, by automatic weapons fire. Although he received five rounds, the diplomat managed to survive.

¶Numerous letter bombs were sent to Israeli embassies in Europe; one of them exploded and killed Dr. Ami Shehori, an agricultural attaché in London.

And the story will continue. The Palestinian terrorists, defeated and cut off from their own people in the territory they call their homeland, have decided to foment a campaign of terror in countries thousands of miles away from the scene of conflict with Israel.

Some review is in order to understand the reasons behind this recent surge of terrorism. Israel's military position on its Western front is superb. Egypt, its chief military antagonist, is weaker than at any point since the months following the Six Day War. The Russian pull-out demanded by the Egyptians has left the main Arab military power with inadequate offensive weaponry and, according to reports, with key elements and spare parts in their antiaircraft system dismantled by the Soviets.

Furthermore, even if the missile defense system were operative, the Americans have found electronic means to evade and destroy the more advanced generation of SAM missiles in North Vietnam. (This is not to comment on the political side or the eventual political effectiveness of the continued bombing of North Vietnam.) And one may rest assured that the American developments have been passed on to the Israelis, and that the Egyptians' vaunted missile defense systems can be surmounted—with casualties but also with relative ease. Israel thus has decisive military superiority on its Western front, and the Egyptians know it. Besides, Israel no longer faces the threat of Russian intervention against any counteroffensive undertaken in response to an Egyptian "heating-up" of the Suez Canal area.

Thus Egypt, in its weakest military position in years, has been preparing in recent months for a diplomatic campaign to be undertaken this fall. There have in this

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time been diplomatic soundings, and there seemed to be a possibility that Israel would withdraw from about half of Sinai in return for a more formal armistice or peace agreement with Egypt. The Black September attack at Munich and the recent American veto of a proposed Security Council resolution, which condemned Israeli retaliatory raids on terrorist bases while not mentioning the Munich massacre, have tended to undercut the potential effectiveness of the contemplated Egyptian diplomatic initiative, and made Egypt's political as well as military position more fragile.

Sadat had promised his people that 1971 would be the "year of decision." It has turned out to be a very long year for him, indeed, and 1973 is a more realistic "year of decision," although one has the feeling that the Middle East will slide, rather than leap, into a period of peace. Sadat has proved himself a somewhat weak leader who, while he cannot make war, also cannot find the strength to make peace. He must continually return to the Israeli issue in his attempts to unite his country.

My own belief is that the Egyptian position is rooted in a deep humiliation over their losses to Israel, and that this chagrin forbids them to sit down with the Israelis or negotiate with them. The feeling is not necessarily shared by the entire Arab world, only by certain groups of Palestinians, but it is a key stumbling block to peace.

On the Eastern front, peace between Israel and Jordan is near. A *de facto* state of peace now exists; the border between the two countries is totally quiet; there are trade relations; and tourism has begun (it is possible today for non-Israelis to visit Jordan on four-day trips and return to Israel); each country is quite happy to be at peace with the other. Furthermore, Jordan and Israel have a common enemy in the persons of the Palestinian terrorist groups.

There have also in recent months been numerous direct contacts between Israeli and Jordanian representatives. King Hussein's outspoken denunciation of the terrorists and their actions—"the work of sick and demented minds," according to the Hashemite King—have given Israeli leaders, including Golda Meir, some confidence that a formal peace agreement, if indeed necessary, can be worth more than the paper it is written on.

Lebanon, to the north, that tiny country about the size of Israel, is caught in a pickle of its own making. Most Lebanese, especially its Christians, want peace and normal relations with Israel. But the Lebanese Government has had neither the strength nor the will to expel the terrorists from its boundaries, lest it risk civil war. After Munich, Israel decided that, at whatever cost, the terrorist bases would have to be eliminated from Lebanon; Israel has the will and the power to put pressure on the Lebanese Government to implement this decision. The Israeli actions may gain world censure, but they are already forcing the Lebanese to come to new arrangements with the terrorists. The more pressure Israel applies, the more Lebanon must revise its relationships with them, and Israelis hope it may even be possible for the Lebanese to ban terrorist activities, as King Hussein had to do two years ago. In essence, Munich has created a political climate which would permit the Israelis to retaliate decisively in Lebanon without undue interference from the United States or Western European countries—and perhaps even without too much risk of world condemnation.

Here on the West Bank, the terrorist movement has long since been cut off from the territory which must be the wellspring of its strength. That is not only because Israel has efficiently sealed its borders. It is also because the Arab population has in dozens of separate decisions, including participation in free, local elections, consistently chosen a path of "normalcy." The best way to describe "normalcy" is "cooperation with Israel." Israel has made this cooperation easy by permitting Arabs almost total local autonomy, and by creating an economic climate which has made the lot of the average Arab better than it has ever been. In such a situation, Arabs may nurture an abstract sympathy for hot-headed nationalist terrorists, but hardly an active sympathy that would extend to sheltering terrorists, storing arms or ammunition for them, or participating in terrorist actions. Israel has thus effectively isolated the terrorists from their own people.

In all this, one begins to sense the frustration of the Palestinian terrorists, and to understand their decision to extend the battlefield to Europe, the United States and elsewhere. How, after all, do they continue to call attention to their cause at a time when Arab countries, as well as their own peoples in the "occupied territories," have begun to contemplate peace with Israel; at a time when Egypt is weak militarily and politically, when Jordan has found its *de facto* state of peace with Israel highly desirable? Even more important from their point of view, how do they gain the respect of their own people, the Palestinians, who had begun to look upon them as ineffective at best, buffoons and madmen at worst?

That is why Munich was, for them, a "successful operation." For one of the rare times in their spotted history, the terrorists found within themselves the resolve and willingness to die for their cause. The fact of death rather than surrender put them into a category with the Vietcong, the IRA, and other political groups whose members place their cause above their persons.

We must recall the Black September group's last two major operations. The Sabena hijacking, which brought four terrorists and some 100 hostage passengers onto the tarmac at Lod Airport, was defeated by an Israeli military force which, disguised as airplane mechanics, stormed the plane, killing the two male and capturing the two girl terrorists. The terrorists did not gain face.

Neither did the Lod Airport massacre bring credit to the terrorist groups. It was undertaken by three Japanese world revolutionaries unrelated to the Arab cause, who succeeded in killing a number of Israelis and an even greater number of Puerto Rican pilgrims to the Holy Land. The action evoked comments in Israel and also in the Arab world that, while Japanese were willing to die for their cause, the Arabs themselves were not.

Munich proved this assumption wrong, at least in relation to one squad of Black Septembrists led by one particularly dedicated leader. Even as Munich created a sense of shock, horror and revulsion throughout the civilized world, it also brought some kind of perverse credibility to the terrorist movement.

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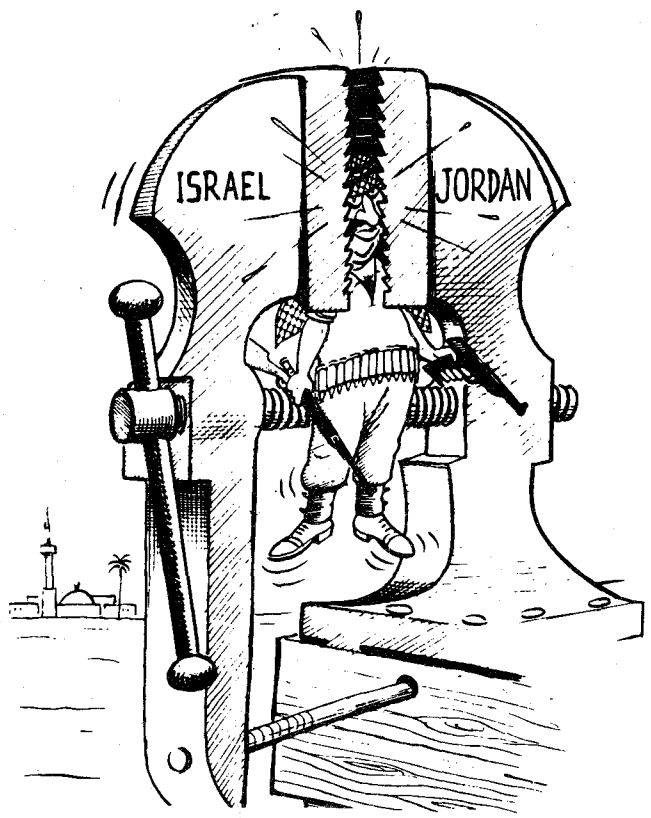
The cost of that credibility has, however, been considerable. The political position of the Arab states has been severely damaged and the Egyptian diplomatic initiative compromised before it began. The relations of the Arab states with the European countries were called into question, with costs to the former not likely to ingratiate the terrorists to Arab governments. Of course, it is the aim of the terrorists to frustrate any movements toward peace in the Middle East and in this respect their aim was accomplished. However, despite the disclaimers, the popularity of the terrorists could hardly be enhanced even in Arab countries by the murderous adventure. Most people in this world, and especially Arab aristocrats who live comfortably at the top level of the feudalistic society, prefer normalcy in their personal lives. The terrorists, trying desperately to get the Arab governments totally committed to them and their cause, hardly encourage this



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes

sense of normalcy among Arab civilians and thus tend to defeat their own purposes.

Second, they did not particularly gain popularity among the Arabs in the so-called Israeli-occupied territories. Their threats to kill collaborators became more credible, but such collaborators, depending on definition, could well include several hundred thousand Arabs in the territories, and a sense of apprehension and insecurity could be widespread. But I do not sense even that kind of fear of the terrorists. They are by now too powerless inside Israeli-held territory to be feared. Most Arabs whom I know in Israel and the territories condemn outright the Munich murders as disgracing the Palestinians and their cause.

Third, the recent actions have created the political conditions that enable Israel to pursue the terrorists wherever they may be. The Lebanese Government, at this writing, is already reacting to Israeli military pressure and attempting to restrict the terrorists to their refugee camps. Thus their operational ability in the Middle East may become even more severely limited.

The question for Israel is how far it can go, and should go. The gloom in Israel after the Munich massacres was sharp and universal: the country has not in the time I have been here had such an acute case of depression. The reaction of the Israeli Government has been to put the halting of terrorism above and beyond the quest for peace, as more or less a precondition to negotiations between it and the Arab states. The government has decided that in principle it will reach out for the terrorists wherever they might be found; one must have doubts about how this policy will work in its specifics. Israel, after all, is a state and, unlike the terrorists, incurs all the obligations of international citizenship. (Numerous voices have been raised in Israel urging capital punishment for terrorists. A few have even suggested that the Israeli reaction to the terrorist demands at Munich should have been a threat to put to death two of the prisoners demanded by the Arabs for every Israeli murdered. The suggestion was rejected as being beyond the realm of law and the principle of individual justice.)

Militarily, the policy means pursuing the terrorists and keeping them on the defensive. Up to now the terrorists, by operating from foreign bases and by attacking essentially civilian targets, have maintained the initiative in their war against Israel. Israel must deprive them of the initiative by hitting at their bases and continually keeping them off balance. It means an unrelenting military pressure which could, in the long run, have negative political consequences, but which Israel feels must nevertheless be pursued. The terrorists have said they are in a "state of war" with Israel and the government of Israel sees no reason to dispute that contention or withhold from retaliation in kind.

The political problem of counterattacking the terrorists on foreign soil is considerable. At the least, the Israeli policy means applying severe pressure on any states that harbor terrorists or condone the methods they employ; this entails agreements with the United States and as many Western European powers as possible, which would in turn apply pressure on the Arab governments. It also means keeping the terrorist influence isolated from the Arab population under Israel's control.

In the matter of air hijacking, Israel would attempt to procure an agreement depriving any country of normal air traffic that gave sanctuary to a hijacker. The Israeli offensive, in sum, is aimed at putting the terrorists into the category of "international outlaws."

One can doubt whether Israel's campaign will be totally effective, but few operations ever are. Israel now has the general support of the United States in this campaign (not necessarily for all the specifics but certainly for the overall goal). It remains to be seen how far the countries of Western Europe will jeopardize their relations with the Arab countries, their own chief sources of energy, to help Israel. □

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THE *SERRANO* PRINCIPLE

Dollars, Scholars and Constitution

JOHN E. COONS, WILLIAM H. CLUNE III & STEPHEN D. SUGARMAN

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In the last fourteen months, courts in seven states have declared the basic state systems of school finance to be unconstitutional. One of these decisions—striking down the Texas system—awaits argument before the United States Supreme Court this month. The resolution of this and of the many other pending cases will have national implications; so far, however, the meaning of these cases has been widely misunderstood.

The California Supreme Court lit the fuse in August 1971 with its decision in *Serrano* v. *Priest*. The case presented the judges with a problem that exists in nearly every state. It can be exemplified by schoolchildren of two families living in Los Angeles County. Freddie lives in the West Covina school district, where the public schools spend $650 per child; his father pays more than $400 in local school taxes on his $30,000 house. Susan lives in the Burbank district which spends $800 per child; her father also owns a $30,000 house, but pays only $270 in school taxes—a lower tax rate produces higher spending per student.

The reason for this anomaly is that in California the bulk of the money for schools comes from local taxes on real property located within the school district. The West Covina district has much less real property per pupil to tax than does Burbank. Each district sets and levies a tax on its homes, apartments, stores, manufacturing plants and farms; the tax rates vary widely. The 1,100 school districts in California also vary enormously in the value per pupil of the taxable real property within their boundaries. Grants from the state help the poor districts only a little. Spending in the California schools ranges from $600 to more than $3,000 per child, and the high spending districts tend to have the low tax rates.

The California system does not differ fundamentally from that of the other states, with the exception of Hawaii, where school districts impose no local taxes except for transportation, and all public schools are financed entirely by the state government. Hence, the West Covina-Burbank comparison can be repeated in nearly every state. Indeed, the Fleischmann Commission, which recently released its report on elementary and high school education in New York, documented the same pattern among school districts on Long Island. Great Neck, for example, in 1968-69 managed to spend $2,077 per pupil with a tax rate of $2.72 on its super-rich tax base, while Levittown with precisely the same tax rate spent $1,189.

Rejecting this systematic discrimination against poor districts, the California court held 6 to 1 that the level of spending for a child's public education may not be affected by the wealth of his school district. In October 1971, the same result was reached by a single federal district judge in Minnesota. In December, a three-judge federal panel in Texas held the state's school finance system unconstitutional and approved the *Serrano* principle without qualification. Other courts have followed suit.

The legal argument accepted in each of these cases rests on the Equal Protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment of the U.S. Constitution: "No State shall . . . deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws." In applying this broad language to specific instances of discrimination, the U.S. Supreme Court has been especially concerned to protect a limited set of activities—for example voting and interstate travel—which it has labeled "fundamental." It has also identified a number of "suspect classifications"—such as race and wealth—to which it applies special and often unfriendly scrutiny. In *Serrano* the plaintiffs argued both that education is fundamental and that school district wealth is a suspect classification. The California court agreed and stated that the present system must fall unless the state demonstrates that it has some very important objective which can be carried out only by continuing the fiscal discrimination.

The states have tried to justify the discrimination by arguing that the present system advances the important objective of local control. The difficulty is that historically the states' commitment to local control has been a hoax except for the wealthier districts. As the federal district court put it in the Minnesota case, "To promote such an erratic dispersal of privilege and burden on a theory of local control of spending would be quite impossible." For most districts *Serrano* cannot threaten local control, because local control has never existed. In fact, as we shall see, *Serrano* should help to make local control a reality for the first time for all districts.

The attitude of the U.S. Supreme Court is difficult to predict. An answer may be forthcoming soon, since the Texas case (*Rodriguez* v. *San Antonio Independent School District*) is moving swiftly to argument and decision. Ways are open to the highest Court to limit the scope of the decision if it wishes to let the issue ripen. However, the best guess is that it will tackle the question head-on. If the Justices adopt the *Serrano* principle, it will become the norm for the nation. The alleged conservative complexion of the present Court is no indication how the decision will go. The principle at stake does not divide protagonists along traditional lines.

The point of *Serrano* is very limited. Indeed, to many who understand the idea it appears excessively conservative, and any impending tax (or other) revolution as a direct result of the decisions they dismiss as an artifact of the media. Early newspaper reports of the *Serrano* decision even suggested that the property tax itself had been made invalid. However, the objection of the plain-

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tiffs was never to the property tax itself but only to the current inability of that tax to raise an equal amount of money from an equal tax rate.

A second, and massive, misunderstanding involves the legality of differences in spending from district to district. District variations in dollars spent are not forbidden under *Serrano* unless those differences are the consequences of one school district having more taxable wealth per pupil than another. Any district that wants to improve the education of its children by imposing a higher rate of tax on its property is free to do so. Further, if the state (or a district) chooses, it may properly spend more on gifted children, disadvantaged children, high school pupils, or children living in districts which are willing to bear higher tax rates for schools. But a district may not spend more per child at the same tax rate *simply* because its greater wealth makes that rate produce more tax dollars. Put another way, districts can spend different amounts so long as they are equally rich—and, as we shall see, there are ways to make school districts equally rich. If this sounds like "leveling," remember that it is governments—school districts—whose wealth concerns us, not persons. *Serrano* does not threaten private privilege, only privilege bestowed by the state.

A third misunderstanding relates to *Serrano*'s impact upon minorities, the poor and the city dweller. Those who imagine that all discrimination burdens those three classes were quick to hail *Serrano* as a glorious victory in the war on poverty. The reality is more complex. Consider first the effect upon cities. If cities were poor in taxable wealth compared to the state average, *Serrano* would come as an urban blessing; but the national pattern of big-city property wealth is chaotic. Some cities such as New York and San Francisco are "rich" in taxable property and can be said actually to benefit from the present system. However, San Diego, Newark, Wichita and many others are "poor." Moreover, even cities that are still "rich" compared to the state average are poor when compared to their more elegant suburbs. These suburbs not only have greater school wealth but can tax their property at a higher rate, since they are not burdening the same property with all the higher government costs that afflict the cities. The short of it is that *Serrano* by itself operates indifferently among urban centers. Whether particular cities will be helped or hurt depends largely upon what happens in the state legislatures in the years ahead. *Serrano* neither precludes nor guarantees consideration of special urban needs, and it can be predicted that the cities will lobby strenuously for strong urban preferences in the new systems.

The potential effect upon minority children is equally confused. In some states (Texas is apparently one) black and Chicano families tend to be found in tax-poor districts; in California a slender majority of blacks, Chicanos and Orientals live in districts slghtly richer than average. The national pattern is a crazy quilt.

The poor, like the minorities they often represent, may be found in districts rich or poor in taxable property. Demographers are confident that, overall, poor people live in poor districts, but only figures yet to come from the 1970 census will tell for sure, and there are highly visible exceptions to this pattern. Thus poor families sometimes dwell in industrial tax havens whose clustered factories swell the taxable wealth of the district. Such districts tend to be very small in resident population and have disproportionately few children to educate. On the whole it is expected that the poor will benefit from *Serrano*. In any case, the most poignant victim of the present system is the child of the poor family living in a district of low wealth. Unable by his circumstances to escape to private school, he is locked into an institution that is undersupported, ill-housed, overcrowded, and staffed by marginally employable teachers.

Still another misperception of *Serrano* appears in the occasional suggestion of commentators that the rule applies to interstate differences. The analogy is appealing—Mississippi's poverty and California's wealth are a striking counterpart to the pattern of school districts within individual states—but the fact is that the Constitution does not hold out the slenderest hope for a "national *Serrano*." Congress does not create and control states as the states do their school districts. Hence the variance in state resources for public education is constitutionally of no consequence. *Serrano* is no liberal's prescription for a national educational utopia.

If the *Serrano* principle does survive review by the U.S. Supreme Court, its immediate, and perhaps most important, effect will be to pry open the political-legislative process for a fundamental examination of educational policy within the states. It is here that the limited nature of the judicial intrusion is most apparent. The present systems must be reformed or abolished, but it is the legislature, not the courts, which must and will reshape them.

Two issues will tend to dominate the legislative debates—local control of spending levels and total cost to the state. Both issues may be settled simply and directly in some states by what has come to be called "full state assumption." This approach was endorsed in early 1972 by both the Fleischmann Commission and President Nixon's Commission on School Finance. Under this plan, locally imposed school property taxes (indeed all local school taxes) would be abolished, and all revenue for schools would come from the state (plus the federal government). This state revenue might be raised by one or a combination of statewide taxes (one hopes progressive) levied on property, income, sales, cigarettes, etc. The recipients of the revenue would probably be school districts, as now; on the other hand the dollars could be funneled, in whole or part, to larger units serving special purposes or smaller units such as schools. It could even go in the form of vouchers to parents or pupils.

In a full state assumption system the amount per pupil available to a district would be fixed by the legislature. However, that does not necessarily mean that each district would receive the same amount per pupil. Indeed, the opposite is more likely and would be more sensible. The needs of children and the general cost of providing appropriate education differ widely from district to district within most states. It would be plausible, therefore, for a state of moderate wealth to establish a basic payment level of, say, $700 per elementary student, but to increase that amount substantially for a district's handi-

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capped, disadvantaged and vocational students. Also the state might give extra money for transportation in rural areas, and for the generally higher cost of buildings, goods and services in the city.

If the state provides the money, will it also direct how it shall be spent by the districts? Critics assume so, but no one can predict. A study by the Urban Institute found little or no relation between the proportion of state funds and the rigidity of state controls on teachers and curriculum. The Fleischmann Commission report, while recommending full state assumption, has also urged mechanisms for increasing local control.

Full state assumption is unlikely to be the choice in every state. The history of local government in this country and the local perception of political self-interest are both against it. Many citizens are simply unwilling to surrender their vote at the school district level on the dubious assurance that they can continue to influence the state legislature. Nor is self-interest the only justification for local control of spending levels. Many believe that small-unit government tends on the whole to be more responsive to individual needs; and where the issue is how much to spend, there is much to be said for deciding it in relation to the needs felt by local citizens for parks, police and other public services—all of which compete with education. Further, the fact that some districts would spend more for schools than others is thought by many to be a positive benefit; it both permits local self-expression and assures that "light house" schools need not be "leveled down" to the state average. It also permits districts to differ on the difficult question of how much each additional dollar buys in quality of education.

But can local choice of expenditure levels be permitted if *Serrano* is the law? Clearly yes, but only on condition that all districts have the same *capacity* to spend. If the Constitution requires the elimination of the influence of wealth differences, one way to comply is to make all districts equal in wealth through "power equalizing." A hypothetical case will illustrate. Suppose the state first provides each district with $600 per pupil. To this the state, perhaps with federal help, adds extra money for special extra-cost or extra-need circumstances of various districts—high transportation costs, concentrations of underachievers, etc.—just as under full state assumption. In addition to these centrally determined expenditures, each district that wishes to spend more may be permitted to do so by imposing an additional *local* property tax (a local income tax would be even better). However, the added amount of spending permitted any district would depend solely upon the tax *rate* chosen by the district, not upon its wealth. If local collections exceeded the permitted level of spending, at a given tax rate, the excess would be recaptured by the state; any shortfall would be made up by subsidies.

The overall effect would be that every district otherwise similar and choosing the same local tax rate would be able to spend at the same level. Local control would have become a reality for all, since all districts could now express their own choice of spending level on the same economic terms. Such a system has been recommended for California by the staff of a state Senate select committee charged with considering responses to *Serrano*.

Serrano's invitation to increase local control in this manner may indirectly accelerate the movement toward smaller "community" school districts in urban areas. Previous experiments with community control, for example, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville subdistrict in New York City, have been hampered by economic dependence upon the larger district. If the community is poor in taxable property, it cannot be truly autonomous under the existing system. However, as seen above, it is quite possible to give all districts equal capacity and let them make their own choices concerning spending. Hence it is for the first time practical to consider the fragmentation of huge urban districts into community districts as small and autonomous as Scarsdale. To some observers such Balkanization promises cultural and educational diversity; others view it as unacceptably divisive. It clearly would make integration somewhat more difficult.

Promoters of community control have spoken so far only of neighborhoods—geographical communities which would become school districts with all the normal political apparatus of such little governments. There is, however, another model of community available—the community of choice in which like-minded families freely choose a school because they are attracted by its style or curriculum. Such a system could be funded by the use of educational vouchers in a manner satisfying *Serrano*.

One of the most interesting aspects of the coming dialogue will be the confrontation between defenders of traditional public education and those seeking to expand the opportunity for variety and choice within a mixed system of public and private schools, all funded by state grants to individuals. Voucher systems can be pernicious, aggravating racial and economic separation. However, models have been designed which may offer a truly free choice of schools to all families, irrespective of wealth or race. Many feel that such systems may do more in the long run for racial and economic integration than can be expected from the Judiciary. At present the OEO seems determined to sponsor some "voucher" experiments with federal funds; under its guidance a voucher plan, involving only public schools at the start, is getting under way in the Alum Rock School District near San Jose, Calif.

Education is not the only public service tied to the varying taxable wealth of local authorities. Will the financing of police, fire, welfare and other services also fall under judicial displeasure? Some litigants now seek that end, but the courts are unlikely to go further than schools. Education is constitutionally distinguishable from other services because of its interconnections with speech and the political process, and courts will be content to limit their reach.

However, some indirect effect upon the financing of other public services is inevitable, and much for the better. Public and legislative awareness of the absurdity of all our local finance systems is being given a massive boost by *Serrano*. As a consequence, legislatures in the next decade may well begin on their own to reconsider the fairness of the present scene. Equity is not around the corner, but at least we have ceased blindly to tolerate the notion that government dishes out privilege and misery as it pleases. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Banal Transmuted into Poetry

THE GREATNESS OF FLAUBERT. *By Maurice Nadeau. Translated by Barbara Bray. The Library Press. 307 pp. $9.95.*

WALLACE FOWLIE
Mr. Fowlie is James B. Duke Professor of French at Duke University. He has just finished a history of French literature to be published by Prentice-Hall.

Of the many recent books on Flaubert, Maurice Nadeau's (first published in 1969 as *Gustave Flaubert écrivain,* Editions Denoël) is the most straightforward biography. Mr. Nadeau explains that he undertook this study largely as the result of his labor as editor of a new edition of the complete works of Flaubert, in eighteen volumes, published in Lausanne, by the Editions Rencontre.

Nadeau is well known in France, and to some extent in this country, for his interest in the newest forms of literature and for his *History of Surrealism.* He was among the first French critics to promote the work of Jean Genet and Henry Miller. During the late 1940s and early 1950s, he prophesied the importance of Beckett, Cioran, Céline, and wrote some of the most intelligent pages we have on the role of Sade in contemporary culture. He was literary editor of Camus' Resistance newspaper *Combat,* and today he is editor of the biweekly *La Quinzaine littéraire.*

But this ardent defender of the *avant-garde* is also an admirer of Flaubert. In writing the biography, Nadeau avoids promoting any thesis or following any specialized critical approach. The French title of his book is more accurate than the English translation. He is primarily concerned with Flaubert as writer, and with the interrelationships of his life and work. Flaubert's voluminous correspondence is a source not only of biographical facts but also of the aesthetic theories of Flaubert and his personal habits of writing. Nadeau uses the letters sparingly but always to good advantage. This critic's scholarship is sound, but totally unobtrusive. He knows Proust's theory of literary criticism *(Contre Sainte-Beuve),* and he knows the critical investigations on Flaubert by such men as Georges Poulet and Jean-Pierre Richard, but he avoids suggesting throughout his study any one critical interpretation, whether existentialist or structuralist.

Flaubert's relations with members of his family, his father the doctor, his niece Caroline, and especially his mother; his friendships both intimate (Du Camp, Bouilhet) and literary (Gautier, Turgeniev, George Sand); his mistresses both real and imaginary; his travels—these are not permitted, in Nadeau's book, to obscure the truth that art held priority over life in Flaubert's case. Historical facts are there to help us understand the temperament and the vision of the novelist, but they can also be studied in the texts of Flaubert. Nadeau uses both kinds of sources: those outside the published work and those within it. And we end by realizing that Flaubert's obsession with style has something of medical specialization in it.

We learn once again, but with ample and gracefully communicated proof, that Flaubert was the most conscious of artists, an almost religious collector of echoes and symbols. Justifiably, Nadeau emphasizes the importance now given to Flaubert's first novel *Novembre.* Other critics go farther than Nadeau in seeing in this novel and in the *Intimate Notebooks* written at the age of 18, clear indication of adolescent bisexuality that might be related to early readings of the Marquis de Sade. *Novembre* contains the emotional source of *Madame Bovary.*

Nadeau often returns to the so-called doctrine of Flaubert's impersonality in order to prove that it was a fraud. All the recent critics, including Nadeau, have tried to explain the supreme paradox in Flaubert's art: the skill with which he transmutes the language of banality into poetry. He was able always to follow a straight line midway between vulgarity and lyricism. But no critic has yet enabled us to comprehend the peculiar poetry and complexity of *Madame Bovary.*

In the few pages he devotes to *La Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier,* Nadeau comes closest to stating Flaubert's overwhelming dilemma. In contrast to the other works of Flaubert when they were first published, *Saint Julien* was immediately seen by everyone to be a masterpiece. In re-creating the medieval legend he had seen figured in a stained-glass window in the Rouen cathedral, he had created an effect of wonder and at the same time shown his readers a simple man, a prey to human instinct, and subject, like Oedipus, to a terrible fatality from which he was saved ultimately by grace. The single consistent universe Flaubert created in *La Légende* lends its values to the characters and the events in the story. But it is still difficult for us to understand how Flaubert succeeded in making Julien's soul so human and the setting of the story so vivid.

Only some of the letters and papers left by Flaubert have been made available to scholars. Enid Starkie, Benjamin Bart and Victor Brombert have in their recent studies made use of this material more than Maurice Nadeau. Each biographer emphasizes differently the importance of Flaubert's chronic syphilis, his obesity and his epilepsy. The style of Nadeau's book is more simple and direct, more purely narrative than that of other biographers. He does not fret over problems of fact and problems of theory; he refers to them briefly and passes on. He demonstrates the French skill of combining critical assessment with historical biographical data. There is no heaviness in Nadeau's writing. After all, he has no particular thesis or theory or theme to support. It is an urbane life of a writer who still remains mysterious, but who in our Anglo-Saxon world is as much a patron of the novel as he is in France.

After passing through an eclipse in the Sartre-Camus period in French literature, Flaubert once again came into his own during the 1960s. The new generation of readers who are not looking for spiritual or ethical messages, are pleased with the artistic literary communication of Flaubert. Like Nadeau, these new readers of Flaubert are not obsessed with the problem of Flaubert's realism or the problem of whether *Madame Bovary* is an attack on romanticism.

A few years ago these younger readers who followed Sartre closely, were aware of Sartre's dislike for Flaubert and of his plan to write at length about him. But in reading Flaubert, these readers, like Nadeau, found in the character of Emma Bovary fantasies above love and

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wealth which almost everyone has, fantasies that are universal. *The Temptation of Saint Anthony* is less read today, but it was Flaubert's favorite, as it was James Joyce's favorite Flaubert book. It can be read as a vast parable on the limitations of the human mind. In the Circe chapter of *Ulysses,* Bloom's fantasies about sexuality and persecution owe a great deal to *The Temptation.*

Two years after Nadeau published his biography in France, Jean-Paul Sartre's study appeared: *L'Idiot de la famille: Gustave Flaubert,* in two volumes, of 2,136 pages. Thus far one of the most penetrating critical assessments of the work was written by Nadeau himself, in three installments in June-July 1971, in his *Quinzaine littéraire.* This article is an admirable epilogue to his own book. The title of Sartre's book is based on the credulity of Flaubert as a child, which Sartre promotes into a thesis: Flaubert remained a child all his life! He was retarded *(un enfant demeuré, un idiot).* Sartre tries to prove that Flaubert during his school years chose to live in an unreal world, and thereby turned away from the real world of action, which Sartre likes to call *praxis,* or concrete relationships between men and things, the world of knowledge, the world of history.

Nadeau's attitude toward Flaubert is one of sympathy and admiration. Sartre's is the opposite: Flaubert and all of his characters are antipathetic to him. Nadeau writes in order to analyze and explain the supreme artistry of Flaubert's books, whereas Sartre writes in order to even up an account, to get back at this writer whose attitude at the time of the Commune was not that of "commitment." So, Sartre calls Flaubert a narcissist, an onanist, a man always faithful to passivity, a homosexual who did not realize he was homosexual. Every detail in the life of Flaubert is used by Sartre to make him appear a feudal parasite living in Croisset as a property-owning bourgeois.

Maurice Nadeau holds an opposite view. If Sartre calls Flaubert a bourgeois god belonging to a bygone 19th-century world, Nadeau sees him as a patron of the *nouveau roman,* and as a dreamer whose dreams had the dimensions of reality. Flaubert was the poet who deepened reality. He was not content with the historical visions of Carthage in *Salammbô* or with the mythological visions of *The Temptation of Saint Anthony.* Flaubert dreamed to life his Emma Bovary and his Frédéric (in *The Sentimental Education)* until the things seen, no matter how trivial or how fleeting, became fragments of eternity. □

3 Poems by Arvind Krishna Mehrotra

FABLE

The snake
Brought back the nearest hill
To his kitchen under the tall grass

Only the rabbit saw him

Who told the monkey
Who told the passing zebra
Who told a herd of buffaloes

And the butterfly came to know

The butterfly
Took his weight off the stalk
And none saw that half-painted bridge again

Only the snail
Who was so jealous
That the earth tilted
And streets came off

When the mouse saw what had happened

He chewed off
Titles from books
And for the first time growled at the cat

It's a funny story

If it ends there
It's even a better story
But the storyteller has forgotten to tell you

About the sparrow

FANTOMAS

Do trees have bones? The rose does
Some bones soft as pistils
Are beheaded by the toy soldier
I was crushed by the bone I sat on
Clever bone
A bone may be any one of the following
I brought back a bone from my travels
In a glass jar it sprouted feathers
Two ripe talons
The white bone is the queen bone
The more complex bones own a psychology
And have to be kept in museums with insane dolls

THE EXQUISITE CORPSE

Smoke makes faces, grey hair burns
Children who don't play with me
Are taken away by jackals

Each vowel is wrapped in dead skin

Once a year I open my cellar
The old woman comes out of her shoe
Instead of Hickory I find a young genital

The goat's bleat has turned pink

Clouds of black stubble roughen the sky
Out of my father's cupboard
Rush clusters of tiny walking sticks

The smell is of good manure

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How the Winning Faction Lost

AMERICAN COMMUNISM IN CRISIS, 1943-1957. *By Joseph R. Starobin. Harvard University Press. 331 pp. $12.95.*

RONALD RADOSH

Mr. Radosh is associate professor of history at Queensborough Community College and the graduate faculty of the City University of New York. His most recent book, edited with Murray N. Rothbard, is A New History of Leviathan: Essays in the Rise of the American Corporate State *(E. P. Dutton).*

It used to be the case, Isaac Deutscher once wrote, that the ex-Communist revealed an "irrational emotionalism," a virulent hatred of his own past deep enough to prevent any sound judgment on matters related to communism. His reaction to his old environment kept the new apostate in communism's "deadly grip," thereby preventing him "from understanding the drama in which he was involved or half-involved."

This reaction, fortunately, is not to be found in the writing of Joseph R. Starobin. Although he served for years as foreign editor of the old *Daily Worker*, Starobin has written a scholarly and penetrating account of the end of the dynamic period of American communism. His own participation in the events of which he writes has helped rather than hindered Starobin in the historian's task of being at once as knowledgeable and as objective as possible. Starobin draws on personal experience as well as critical documents, such as the transcripts of debates held by the National Committee and National Board of the American Communist Party.

Why such a book, at this time, on the fortunes of a political sect long acknowledged to be both morally and politically bankrupt? Starobin provides the answer: there is a need for a "sober reassessment of the American radical past" that will reach a new and largely ahistorical generation. This includes the New Left which, Starobin says, fails to understand the lessons of communism, but which seems to recapitulate all of the American party's "historic weaknesses."

The history of the American Communist Party should, indeed, be the focus of attention for contemporary radicals. The party did enter the post-World War II epoch with a substantial membership and significant political influence, only to disintegrate during the 1950s. The party's decline, for Starobin, begins with its rejection of the new course urged upon it by Earl Browder in 1945.

In no other work is the story of the conflict between Browder and William Z. Foster told in such thorough detail. Browder, the major figure in American communism, posited a relatively stable capitalism, that would be able to coexist with Soviet socialism in the spirit of the Teheran conference. At home this meant a strategy for the party based upon functioning within the framework of American politics, one that would support and reinforce an alliance with the rest of the Left and with the Center. Practically, it meant transforming the party into a broadly based Communist Political Association —a lobby on the Fabian pattern to promote Communist ideas.

Browder believed that the class interest of the large bourgeoisie coincided at that time with the interest of the American people, because the need for capitalist survival in a constricted world market compelled capitalism to end its hostility to socialism. In contrast, William Z. Foster argued that World War II had weakened the capitalist system, and that this development would exacerbate the aggressive nature of American imperialism. Browder's theory led to a strategy of trying to make capitalism work "with the least possible burden on the people," while Foster's stressed the danger of war between the United States and the Soviet Union.

Browder, Starobin sums up, "misjudged both the tactics of American capitalism and Soviet communism in the short run, although he grasped that something new had happened to both." Foster, "who judged more accurately in the short run, clung to an apocalyptic view which history eventually rejected." This estimate, perhaps, constitutes the weakest evaluation made by Starobin, for it makes it appear that serious radicals had to choose between either of the two versions. Of course Foster was wrong; military conflict between the superpowers did not in fact occur. But the years of unrelenting cold war and the consensus to be developed around the waging of that struggle suggest that Foster might have been more correct than Browder about the evaporation of America's imperial appetite.

At any rate, as a result of the intervention in the life of the American party by the French Communist, Jacques Duclos, the Foster version became the orthodox party line. Browder was forced out of the party by those who had defended his position only a few months earlier. The Communist Political Association dissolved, and reconstituted itself as a Marxist-Leninist vanguard Communist Party. Just at the moment when its political stock was at a high point, Starobin claims, the Communists reverted to a form totally unrelated to American political reality.

The new line hurt the party crucially in one area that was of the utmost importance, the trade unions. As in other areas, the party's influence centered around secret "influentials," people who hid their party membership, and who had managed to gain leadership positions because they were militant activists. Their positions were guaranteed as long as the party was striving at all costs to maintain the Center-Left alliance—unity around the forces led by Sidney Hillman and Philip Murray of the CIO. This desire went to the extent of party members supporting and pushing for the 1947 CIO resolution which resented and rejected "efforts of the Communist Party . . . and their adherents to interfere in the affairs of the C.I.O." For Communist union leaders held their positions chiefly because they were effective unionists; their power would go unchallenged as long as they nurtured the alliance with the Center. But that alliance could be kept alive only if the Communists denied their true identity, or as long as party positions squared with those of the CIO Center.

The Foster line meant that the alliance was bound to disintegrate. The decision of the party to support the Presidential candidacy of Henry A. Wallace on a third party ticket (as distinct from supporting his nomination at the Democratic convention) meant a rupture with the CIO. Scores of union leaders, like New York's "Red" Mike Quill, stayed with the CIO and deserted the party. For these leaders, the building of the CIO had itself been the key achievement of the party. They were not about to desert their own bases of power in behalf of Foster's new line. Soon the CIO unions staged their own witch hunts and anti-Communist expulsions. The rank and file, which had voted in Communist leadership for nonideological reasons, saw no compulsion to come to the defense of their own former officers. In this case, more than the Communists were to be losers. The union movement itself became more conformist and began to function as part of the emerging cold-war consensus.

As for the Communist Party, its leaders now devised an underground method of operation. After the adoption of the Smith Act and the resulting prosecu-

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tions, many of the party's top leaders dropped out of sight, as did many of the secondary leaders. It was from this group in the underground, separated from the active political life of the party, that there emerged a strong impulse toward critical re-examination of party policy in 1956-57. But once again, the Soviets countenanced neither flexibility nor independence on the part of the various national parties. Moscow sided with the hard-liners. Since the appeal of the American party had resided in the inspiration its membership found in total identification with the great Soviet experiment, challenges to Moscow were not to be tolerated. The dogmatists who endorsed Moscow's position—a minority in the American party—won the new battle. The majority quietly left the party or stayed silent in the hope that things would change.

Joseph Starobin suggests that had the party stayed a broad political association, espousing Socialist goals for the distant future, it could have spread radical ideas and become even stronger. This conclusion, it seems to me, is conjectural. Starobin puts his finger on the basic weakness in the party's approach: rather than working to develop a Socialist consciousness—a vision of a different way of life—the party favored leading "the masses" in struggles over immediate demands, which would eventually induce them to accept Communist leadership when the "objective revolutionary situation" had developed. "The masses were supposed to learn by experience that capitalism could only be modified to a constantly unsatisfactory extent," and would come more and more to adopt the privately held views of their Communist leaders.

Even had this program been successfully applied, the Communists would simply have been better reformers—especially since Browder believed in the essential viability of postwar capitalism. The very membership gains that Starobin cites took place while the party functioned as a nonradical body, totally absorbed in the aura of New Dealism. Yet the Communists were, as Starobin writes, a group of people motivated by a desire to work upon "the assumptions and allegiances that would enable them to 'make history.'" A noble aim—but their own blindness and naïveté did not permit them to work upon their own assumptions. The result was their gradual decay and irrelevance. The comrades who sought a new world were to swell the number of the victims of history. □

Borges' Funerary Inscriptions

SELECTED POEMS: 1923-1967. *By Jorge Luis Borges. Edited by Norman Thomas di Giovanni. The Delacorte Press. 328 pp. $12.50.*

RONALD CHRIST
Mr. Christ, author of The Narrow Act: Borges' Art of Allusion *(New York University Press), teaches literature at Livingston College, Rutgers University, and edits* Review *'72.*

One way of talking about poetry is to divide poets—ruthlessly, even inaccurately, but perhaps revealingly—into those who write from things and those who write from ideas. Of course the greatest authors do both: Dante's Hell, Yeats's Byzantium, for example, are place *and* conception. But we tend to judge good writing by the degree to which it achieves thingness rather than idealism, so William Carlos Williams, on whose "red wheel/ barrow" so much does indeed depend, speaks authoritatively in declaring that there are no ideas but in things, and T. S. Eliot—to extend the case to prose—offers a prodigious compliment, describing Henry James as having a mind so fine that it was never violated by an idea. In short, our literature aspires to the condition of painting, which apparently incarnates, rather than that of music, which seemingly spiritualizes. Despite Matthew Arnold. Despite *musique concrète.* But, precisely, concrete poetry, although not necessarily—not even probably—Concrete Poetry.

Imagism, then, in one form or another, is the norm, whether we are speaking of the Imagists themselves or poets like Eliot, like Frost, who owe so much to them; and in reading these poems by Borges, distinctive imagery is exactly what you find in the early work, only to watch it subside to speculation and conjecture. My scheme is too pat, certainly; and to show why, I can quote from a poem that Borges wrote in 1969 enumerating "ancient stars," "a bench in deep shadow," "the odor of jasmine and honeysuckle," "the silence of a bird asleep," *in order to conclude* "these things, perhaps, are the poem." But the fulcrum of Borges' poetic *oeuvre* is exactly that "perhaps"; and this volume documents the tipping of his vital powers away from "the everyday anguish of things" toward a "weary word show."

The reader can see that action vividly by juxtaposing the beginnings of Borges' poetry in the concrete reality invoked by his 1925 preface to *Moon Across the Way* ("Let every poet praise the things that are akin to himself, for that is really poetry. I have celebrated those things akin to me, those things I deeply feel. They are the blue walls of the city's outlying slums and the tiny squares brimming with sky") with the ontological concerns expressed in his 1969 preface to *The Self and the Other* ("Here also are my habits: Buenos Aires; the cult of my ancestors; the study of old Germanic languages; the contradiction of time, which passes, and of the ego, which lives on; my amazement that time—our substance—may be shared with others"). In other words, the passage of Borges' poetry is from matter to metaphysic, from definite nouns defined by specifying adjectives—"blue walls of the city's outlying slums"—to general nouns abstracted from specific experience—"the contradiction of time." (Of course the same passage might be charted in his prose but there, until very recently, the specificity of literary detail—of footnote and allusion—grounded his high-voltage conjectures.)

Now the question of why Borges steered this passage is tricky, but I think I see how he did it. Beginning with a lyric meditation on the vacant center—"Patio" is typical and symbolic—recalling De Chirico's architecturally enclosed voids, he proceeded to vacuous speculations informing that nullity with "meaning." In the early "Empty Drawing Room," the things that *are there* establish the emptiness referred to ("Amid the brocade's dimness/ the mahogany suite continues/ its everlasting conversation"), while in a later poem the things *not there*—literally replaced by an abstraction—yield a consolation by conjecture:

> *. . . What things have blessed my clay*
> *Let me not cravenly deny. The one*
> *Word of no meaning is Oblivion,*
> *And havened in eternity, I know,*
> *My precious losses burn and stay:*
> *That forge, that night, that risen moon*
> *aglow.*

That figure of things against a ground of nothingness thus yields to a ground of absence for a figure of no-thingness. From this vantage, Borges' poetry is increasingly a poetry of loss, about loss, in an attempt to capture what never really was his: an Eden of history and ancestors ("Allusion to the Death of Colonel Francisco Borges, [1833-1874]," "A Morning of 1649"), an eternity of today ("Everness"); for in reality history and eternity are the emptiness at the core of our present and that present is exactly what is absent in this poetry.

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So, many of these poems, including some of the best—like "Limits" and "Poem of Gifts"—are bronze funeral plaques calling attention to a name, a date, an event they mark but purposefully do not embody. In fact, this whole collection, as the title of its last section announces, is a museum, and the sonnet "Everness," which declares that "One thing does not exist: Oblivion," that "Everything *is*," belies this volume where hardly any thing exists, where we always seem to be viewing "from the sunset's farther side" "the Archetypes and the Splendors." Quite simply, in Borges' poetry we are too often in a capital world and too seldom in the lower case. Our case.

That's not always so, however, because, like Borges, I've been talking mostly about what's not there, and that's not fair, since in addition to his poems that violate my system, there are qualities to praise here: a characterizing elegiac tone, some moments of suffusing compassion, a few poems, especially "Limits" (I), where the very failure of the poetry turns upon its own privation ("You wish to give words to unforgettable things"), and even some privileged lines like the ones giving thanks "For love, which lets us see others/ As God sees them," lines that are nothing short of wisdom. But chiefly, by way of positive value in this volume, I find a scrupulous, perhaps even overwhelming edition executed by Norman Thomas di Giovanni and some translations that surpass their originals. Alastair Reid's work, for example, is especially fine, and Robert Fitzgerald puts Anglo-Saxon energy ("Death Watch on the Southside") into limp Spanish (*"La noche que en el sur lo velaron");* but in that title alone—read both aloud, even if you don't know any Spanish, and you'll *hear* what I mean—Fitzgerald achieves more of a poetic voice than Borges does in most of this book. And that's the real loss: the loss of what Borges so often praises in English: *verbal music*. There are, indeed, "work-wrought words" here—the Spanish is more accurate about itself: *"laboriosas palabras"*—but there are hardly any sensuous pleasures of verse and certainly none of the miracles of fantasy such as we know from Borges' prose.

But "every privilege," Borges reminds us, "is in the line of miracles" and I am grateful for those privileges I mentioned. On the other hand, I would rather deny the major privilege of this volume because it takes me behind the screen of wonder to reveal a smaller wizard of Argentina than I could have imagined, a wizard who implicitly condemns his fat slim volume of verse to the fate of autobiography and anthologies: "One of three fates awaits a book of poetry; it may be relegated to oblivion, it may not leave behind a single line and yet give a sufficient picture of the man who wrote it, or it may bequeath a few poems to the anthologist." "Oblivion," Borges tells us, "is the one thing that does not exist," but a book of poems deserves a better fate than either of those other possibilities—or, at least it should. □

Sir, Redefine Your Terms!

AMERICA'S GREAT DEPRESSION. *By Murray N. Rothbard. Nash Publishing Corp. 361 pp. $10.*

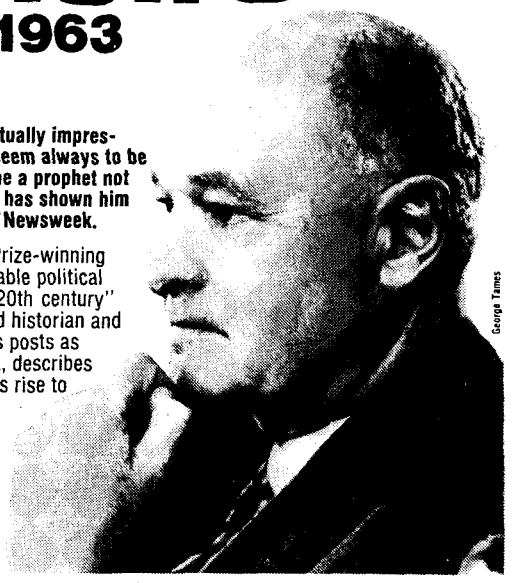
JEROME TUCCILLE
Mr. Tuccille's new book, Here Comes Immortality *(Stein & Day), will be published later this year.*

During the past few years it has grown more and more difficult to distinguish Left from Right in both establishment and radical politics. From George Wallace to Eldridge Cleaver, the charge has been made that there is no longer "a dime's worth of difference" between Democrats and Republicans, liberals and conservatives. Norman Mailer refers to politics-as-usual as the "soft center," while Roy Innis dismisses the moderate American Middle as "Mickey Mouse Land."

If these claims have any foundation, it can just as readily be asserted that the division between Left and Right in radical intellectual circles has also grown more indistinct since the mid-1960s. Carl Oglesby, Paul Goodman and David Harris found themselves sharing a platform this year with the "right-wing" libertarians Murray Rothbard, Karl Hess and Thomas Szasz. The New Left columnist, Nicholas von Hoffman, writes in *The Washington Post* about the "wisdom" of Sen. Robert Taft's foreign policy in the early 1950s. The revisionist historian, G. William Domhoff, quotes Dan Smoot and Phyllis Schlafly to bolster his arguments. Books by Gabriel Kolko, Ronald Radosh, Frances

"Prophet With Honor"*

GEORGE F. KENNAN
Memoirs
1950-1963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Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward become suggested reading for philosophical disciples of Ayn Rand. The former Goldwater speech writer, Karl Hess, turns up at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., and is named a contributing editor to *Ramparts* magazine. Are these developments mere accidents, or do they reflect an intellectual trend leading to new alignments in American politics, requiring new definitions to describe just who is Left and who is Right?

Perhaps the most important link in this emerging Left-Right radical coalition is the field of historical revisionism. Since the early 1950s, Prof. Murray N. Rothbard, a laissez-faire anarchist who teaches economics at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, has been challenging the conventional interpretation of American economic history, particularly as it concerns the evolution of monopoly capitalism. Rothbard has long contended that the consolidation of monopoly power in the late 19th century was brought about with the help of an already emerging corporate state sixty years before Franklin D. Roosevelt came along—not by the so-called logic of the unregulated marketplace. According to Rothbard, the freedom and decentralization of the economic system were destroyed by the only power capable of doing the job: the power of political authority acting to further the interests of a few corporate lobbyists at the expense of the powerless multitudes.

Applying this thesis to the crash of 1929 in *America's Great Depression*, originally published in 1963 and recently reissued by Nash, Rothbard says: "The common opinion . . . holds that 'Unreconstructed Capitalism' prevailed during the 1920's, and the tragic depression shows that old-fashioned *laissez-faire* can work no longer. . . . The government must step in to stabilize the economy and iron out the business cycle. Yet, there is another conflicting tradition of economic thought [which] holds that business cycles and depressions stem from disturbances generated in the market by *monetary intervention* . . . ; money and credit-expansion, launched by the banking system, causes booms and busts." Rothbard believes that laissez-faire approaches to the depressions of 1819, 1837, 1920-1921 brought about economic recovery within a year or two and, when President Herbert Hoover violated these principles in 1929, it led to disastrous prolongation of unemployment and depression which became a lingering disease. The author cites numerous examples—including Hoover's call for "complete control over the economic system," his White House Conference to establish closer ties with industrial leaders, his pressure on union leaders not to fight for wage increases, his expansion of artificial credit through the Federal Reserve System, direct subsidies to the shipping industry, and the development of the Corn Belt Advisory Committee to channel hundreds of millions of dollars into farm subsidies and price supports —to show that Hoover was nowhere near the laissez-faire President he has been made out to be by traditional historians and economists.

While this revised view of history was promoted exclusively by "right-wing" economists throughout the 1950s and early 1960s, it picked up support on the far Left when William Appleman Williams, Gabriel Kolko, G. William Domhoff and other New Left intellectuals began to say substantially the same thing. In *The Triumph of Conservatism*, Kolko makes the point that the American economic system was "decentralized" and responsive to popular interests until government favoritism, usually in the form of import quotas, licensing restrictions and direct subsidies, destroyed competition and fattened the coffers of selected corporations. Monopoly capitalism was a direct outgrowth of federal paternalism. G. William Domhoff writes, in *The Higher Circles*, that a closed clique of hereditary leaders have ruled America almost from the beginning, shaping major economic and social issues as well as foreign policy to suit themselves. In 1968, Murray Rothbard was able to write in *Ramparts*: "Twenty years ago I was an extreme right-wing Republican, a young and lone 'Neanderthal' . . . who believed that Senator Taft had sold out to the socialists. Today I am most likely to be called an extreme leftist. . . . It is obvious that something is very wrong with the old labels, with the categories of 'left' and 'right' . . . if I can move from 'extreme right' to 'extreme left' merely by standing in one place. . . ."

While this statement was made with some measure of irony at the time, today it looms more than ever as an accurate description of American politics. Somehow, during the past twenty years, the "old Right" has evolved toward an informal but close kinship with certain elements (the more anarchic) of the New Left, while traditional liberals such as Joseph Alsop and John Roche find themselves more frequently in the company of Buckley and Goldwater on questions concerning military spending, foreign policy and attitudes toward domestic dissent.

Murray Rothbard was one of the first to recognize this ideological crossover (his magazine, *Left and Right*, started to appear as early as 1965), and *America's Great Depression* is all the more important today in view of recent political developments. Those from either end (or both ends?) of the ideological spectrum will find much in this smoothly written volume to challenge the "conventional wisdom." □

Mirrored in Black Light

MILBRY. *By Bowen Ingram. Crown Publishers. 216 pp. $5.95.*

ANN LANCASTER
Mrs. Lancaster, formerly a writer for The National Observer, *comments frequently on fiction. She lives in Raleigh, N.C.*

The kind of novel known as "Southern" is identifiable even from a distance, at a glance, by at least one colorful marking: it focuses on the family, a subject that offers ready-made a situation in which people live with one another amid a lot of interesting ambiguity. Now comes *Milbry*, one such novel by Bowen Ingram, who already has written *If Passion Flies*, a novel about marital troubles in middle age. *Milbry*, parts of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, describes the ups and downs of a Tennessee family, modeled, apparently, from what is said on the jacket, after Mrs. Ingram's own family.

The story takes place mostly in the early 1900s. Milbry Prewett, the shy and rather pampered protagonist, is growing up in a well-to-do, locally prominent family of the Old South. She is shuttled about from summer home to winter home, and taught to ride properly by her cold, critical father. But her father is not really much cause for concern. Milbry has a father substitute in an old black servant she calls Uncle Jack. He is the one she runs to for comfort after she finds out, heartbroken, that her family is moving from Memphis. He is the one at whose funeral she lets out a terrible, anguished wail.

Milbry seems closer to her family's black "help" than to her own parents and sisters. The blacks *are* her family. Not that she rejects her blood kin, but simply that the blacks are more accessible. They give her their time and their warmth, commodities that Milbry's mother and father do not toss around.

The blacks and whites in the novel

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A PHOENIX

No word or gesture will betray
What's under way,
Only his fixed, unblinking eyes
That show neither acceptance nor surprise.

Observe his gaze is as intense
(the silence dense)
As a witch doctor's when he walks
A bed of blazing coals and a spirit talks.

There's no familiarity,
Let alone plea,
Inside his look, and you suspect
No will to power would be so indirect.

But his eyes dull, as the flames dart
Up from his heart,
That a cold world be obliterated
As well as him so patiently self-hated.

Now, as he burns, he recalls once more
Dying before;
And feels, guessing a resurrection,
Hatred for all things born of self-destruction.

David Galler

are miles apart in temperament. The whites are reserved, even remote, with the exception of Milbry herself who occupies neutral territory. The blacks are more human. This is a dangerous thing for Mrs. Ingram to be doing, shoving the whites into one camp and the blacks into another. It raises the question of racism. Yet *Milbry* is not racist, and not just because Mrs. Ingram is sympathetic to her black characters, for then she might be accused of condescension, or of racism in reverse. The races are kept separate here to show the way things were in the time and place Mrs. Ingram is writing about.

But there is a technical reason, too, for pulling the blacks aside, and it is perhaps the most intriguing aspect of *Milbry*. Mrs. Ingram uses the black characters as mirrors (as Henry James used peripheral characters who had witnessed the action) to reflect whatever is essential about the main characters. Those main characters happen to be a white family, the Prewetts.

So when, near the end, Milbry's mother dies of some illness, the event is not examined head-on. All we hear about her death is that Milbry does not attend her funeral because she is pregnant and has been told by her doctor not to. But Uncle Jack dies a few pages later and his funeral, which is described in detail, has an emotional force that implies his death has a larger meaning. "I wept for all the times I had wanted to weep and had not," Milbry says. She weeps for her mother's death, which as far as we have been able to see she has not wept over before. Now her mother's death is conjured up, reflected in Uncle Jack's. Mirrored in that death, it is made visible to Milbry and to us.

That technique has another, rather contradictory, effect. It makes the blacks and the whites look alike. The paradox is inevitable: Mrs. Ingram separates the blacks to use them as mirrors, but the blacks end up as identical to the whites since a mirror reproduces its subject. This transformation occurs subtly but should not be overlooked, as it raises the issue of black identity. The blacks, supposedly so temperamentally different from the whites here, slip into white behavior. When, on leaving Memphis, Milbry throws her arms about Uncle Jack, a black cook nearby scolds, "Hush up! You wanta disgrace us all?" And one day Milbry bumps into a former nurse, also black, who treats the poignant moment with an archness Milbry's mother had taught her to summon.

These blacks are proud of their heritage, all right, and feel the need to keep up appearances because of it, but it is not their black ancestors and relatives who give them pride. It is the whites they work for. They have adopted white identities, white social pretensions, as readily as they might have accepted, in this context, hand-me-down clothes.

The important thing, of course, is what the mirrors reveal about the Prewetts. The family are aristocrats on a small scale, with starchy notions about the way people ought to act. Between

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family members, there is formality that seems exaggerated even in the era in which *Milbry* occurs. Other families in the novel are warmer, if less presentable, including the family of Thomas Wolfe, whom Milbry (read Mrs. Ingram) collides with on a visit to Asheville:

> One afternoon, as I neared the end of the block, a bunch of children burst out the door of a house across the street, with a sign reading Dixieland. They were followed by a slatternly woman, who called after them gaily, "Now y'all stay out awhile! You hear me, Tom Wolfe!"

Milbry's mother warns her not to go near the Wolfes again.

Ultimately, whether because of this aloofness or not, the family falls apart. Milbry's parents divorce. Milbry grows up to marry, and lives in a two-room apartment that is a far cry from the Prewett homestead where she had spent most of her childhood. The homestead is sold in the depression. There is more than a hint here of Wolfe's belief that "you can't go home again," carrying with it the familiar message that the Old South is dead or, in the period of *Milbry*, dying. Milbry's parents break up at least in part because Mr. Prewett has been away too much, squeezing real estate money out of the South as it urbanizes.

If *Milbry* fits the description of a Southern novel, it is hardly run of the mill. In the first place, there are the reflected manners and character of black and white, which are fascinating to watch. Then there is Mrs. Ingram's practice of telling the story through anecdotes, with sizable time gaps between, which creates the sensation, as we read, of constantly arriving at some surprise, some lurch forward. Nevertheless, the best part of *Milbry* is its traditional content, its affectionate reminiscence of growing up. Mrs. Ingram deserves credit for that, and for bending her old-fashioned material into unexpected shapes that especially please the eye. □

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MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

"Madamina, il catalogo è questo . . ." begins Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* as he enumerates his master's conquests—but merely to catalogue the excesses of Frank Corsaro's *Don Giovanni* (one can hardly call it Mozart's) at the New York State Theatre would require the skills of a fair-sized medieval scriptorium, and only a Wagner would have the stamina to set this bill of particulars to music. Somewhere in this overproduction there is concealed a moral, which in its most truistic form could be expressed as: an opera is not a play—or, more particularly—an opera is more than its libretto. In the spoken theatre, a director has almost *carte blanche* to determine the delivery of lines, the pace of scenes, the curves of intensity and emotional coloration; given this liberty, he can often "interpret" the significance of the action and the motivations of the characters in a variety of ways without transgressing the limits of the text. But in opera these particular factors are fixed to a greater or lesser degree (depending in part on the composer and the conventions within which he is working); there is much less room within which to maneuver.

That Corsaro has composed an elaborate, indeed extravagant, set of variations on Lorenzo da Ponte's libretto is not surprising, for that has long been the trend of his work—successful with a relatively neutral score such as *The Makropoulos Affair*, sometimes grating in *Faust* and *La Traviata*. More difficult to credit is the failure of anyone on the musical side of things at the City Opera to blow the whistle on this particular grotesquerie—or is the operatic balance of power now so completely out of kilter that nobody can speak up on Mozart's behalf? In practice, evidently nobody did—least of all the conductor, Bruno Maderna, who raced through the score as if it consisted of little more than a specified number of measures to be counted out as quickly as possible. Nor could either of the casts I heard (one singing in Italian, on September 15, the other in the gaggy English translation of Ruth and Thomas Martin, on September 20) project their musical lines with sufficient security and authority to over-

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SUITE

He's run off with little Coppelia.
He could eat her up; her delicate
ears, little white flowers; her toes.
Spoonfuls of her seamless torso
melt in his mouth. He winds her up
to wind her legs around him.

She's part of clouds, part of grass,
gliding on water, boneless
as a buttercup. She licks his fingertips
until her spring winds down.

Now she drifts, trying to hold
on to sticks that burn when she grabs them
and the wind blows her along
like dandelion feathers. Only the root
stays in the same place underground
curled up in a dark fist waiting.

Phyllis Janowitz

come the prevalent directorial St. Vitus' Dance. There was one exception: Patricia Wise's spirited Zerlina (in the Italian cast), and I should like to think it significant that she is known to have resisted Corsaro's interpretation of her role.

To select one specific case of directorial misconception: consider the character of Donna Anna, whom Giovanni attempts to rape (and succeeds? —we have only her word that he didn't) and whose father he kills. Toward the end of the opera, with Giovanni's demise evidently near, her faithful if rather neutral fiancé, Don Ottavio, presses his suit once more, but she begs him to wait for a happier day. Now it is all very well for philosophers, psychoanalysts—and even operatic directors—to speculate about Anna's "real feelings" toward Giovanni and Ottavio, but on stage her overt behavior must coincide with the fairly explicit denotations of her music. In Corsaro's version of this scene, Ottavio turns on his heel and walks out after his last line of recitative, leaving Anna to present her lengthy and elaborate plea for postponement (the aria "Non mi dir") at a writing desk, in epistolary form; behind a tapestry we see a vision of Giovanni engaged in seduction, and Anna breaks off her letter in frustration. In a play, this might be a possible reading—but had Mozart been composing a soliloquy in this vein for Anna, he would certainly have written rather different music. What the score embodies is a "public" presentation, for Ottavio's benefit, of her feelings, and it cannot be made into a soliloquy simply by sending the tenor out of the room. If we wish to speculate for ourselves about Anna's motives and feelings, any production leaves us free to do so, and we may well come to Corsaro's conclusion; but by shifting the focus of the scene and spelling out his preoccupations in an inappropriate musical context, Corsaro has completely undermined Mozart. (In fairness, I should note that the vision of seduction was removed after the first performance; however, the basic misconception remained, in a less explicit but perhaps now confusing form.)

This scene was an exception in at least one respect, for overinterpretation usually brought overpopulation as well: Mozart's soliloquies for the most part were sung to one or more anonymous attendants, and every line was turned into a fresh production number. When not dallying with assorted types from the chorus, Giovanni was usually accompanied by a trio of whores (his fancy seemed to be taken by the least attractive types within reach—the significance of which I leave as an exercise for the reader), and this mannerism even undermined Corsaro's usually careful reading of the recitatives: the joke about Giovanni's olfactory detection of Elvira's approach made little sense when delivered in the presence of several obviously perfumed ladies of the street.

There was overcostuming as well; I felt the need of a full-time deputy merely to unravel the significance of the sartorial commentary on the drama presumably intended by Lloyd Evans' superfluity of costume changes. At every entrance Giovanni was freshly garbed in a new outfit of technicolor rococo, the maskers arrived *à l'orientale* (disguised, perhaps, as Ping, Pang and Pong in Puccini's *Turandot*?), and a plethora of *commedia dell' arte* costumes suggested a raid on the wardrobe for Balanchine's *Pulcinella* production of last spring.

After all this, it was a pleasure to turn again to the decent routine of the Metropolitan Opera's *Don Giovanni*, played before Eugene Berman's distinguished 1957 sets (reputedly making their last appearance this season before retirement in favor of a new production). Certain features of Herbert Graf's professional if conventional direction have become exaggerated to the point of caricature (e.g., Theodore Uppman's marionette-like Masetto), but the lines of the drama are well set forth, and most of the music was cleanly and forcefully articulated under the direction of Peter Maag, making his Met debut. Ruggero Raimondi sang the title role with accuracy and fluency (alone among three singers in as many weeks, he kept his intonational bearings in the Serenade), and played well opposite Fernando Corena's characterful Leporello. The three ladies —Edda Moser (Anna), Elizabeth Vaughan (Elvira—another debut), and Rosalind Elias (Zerlina)—were variously cast beyond their abilities, but matched well in the ensembles and kept their attention on the main objective: delineating character through music. Nicolai Gedda sang a dignified, often virtuoso Ottavio, and John Macurdy offered the proper sonority as the Commendatore.

One final note: only at the Met can one hear the celebrated Mozartean ingenuity of three on-stage orchestras playing three different dances simultaneously in the first finale; at the City Opera, some shameful economy (think of all that money spent on costumes!) gives us the minuet played from the pit, the contredanse by one violin and one cello, the waltz by a piccolo and bassoon. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

It occurred to a canny Swedish director by the name of Jan Troell that America was due for a bout of heartwarming nostalgia, and he has sent us *The Emigrants*, an account of the natural adversities and social oppressions that caused a good many Swedes, in the 1840s, to pull up stakes and head for fabled Minnesota. Somewhat surprisingly, this saga has produced a contagion of enthusiasm among the movie reviewers, and lines of the middle-aged are forming for the picture in the middle of weekday afternoons.

It is surprising because this exercise in earthly innocence is so untaxing and so unsurprising. *The Emigrants* is a big outdoor spectacle, with stern but unpolluted nature unrolled like canvas to

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provoke the "ahs" of space-starved spectators; it is pretty as a Scandinavian postcard and in very much those unrestrained colors. Its intrepid peasants suffer terrible rigors by land and sea, but the rather high rate of attrition is more than offset by a high birth rate—the picture tumbles with charming infants.

It is a long film, for the pace is leisurely. Mr. Troell is a director who, when he must convey his party some 25 miles by horse and wagon, appears to supply at least one shot of each of those miles. The Atlantic crossing is said to take ten weeks, and at about mid-ocean I began to wonder if the picture were being filmed in real time. I became impatient, knowing from my own grade-school reader what riches were in store for these hard-working, God-fearing pioneers.

The focal couple (both made famous by Bergman under somewhat more demanding circumstances) are Liv Ullmann, the lovely blonde, who is here seen to be almost permanently pregnant, and Max von Sydow, whose capacity for eloquent suffering is put to good use. There are also a primitive Christian preacher, exiled by the theological establishment; a whore saved by his ministry; a sunny-tempered ox of a half-wit, and an ingenuous youth, full of laughter-provoking misinformation about the pronunciation of English and the customs of the New World. The period transportation—square-rigged schooner, narrow-gauge train, river stern-wheeler—seem meticulously researched and so highly varnished that they look like expensive toys.

The whole picture is designed for the young at heart; it is picture-book social history, and the audience I was in applauded the confirmation of their instinct that virtue is rewarded. I envied those around me that they were not bored by this superficial view of exodus.

I had hoped for something more penetrating from *Sounder*, directed by Martin Ritt from a screenplay that Lonne Elder III derived from a novel by William H. Armstrong. However, I should have been warned by the title—"Sounder" is the name of an old coon hound, and experience has shown that books and films named for animals tend to a nobly pastel view of life.

The picture concerns David Lee Morgan (Kevin Hooks), a black boy growing up on a sharecropper farm during the depression. The father (Paul Winfield) is a good man, much given to solemn handshakes with his son; the mother is Cicely Tyson, and she is an actress of such quiet eloquence and smoldering intelligence that, where she can, she hauls the picture into maturity by force of personality. Miss Tyson is a fragile woman with a bone structure of pliant steel and a smile whose wisdom is in no way confined by the context of the picture. Unfortunately, her presence underlines the film's stagy moral simplicities and self-conscious ideological instruction.

I don't respond to sentimentality, even when it is in the best of causes, and *Sounder*, which would evoke the strength and excellence of a black farm family in adversity, is sentimental because it evades the implications of its own circumstances. Hunger, white brutality, crippling injury, landlord implacability are all postulated, but the film abounds in good fairies, and disaster stays away from the Morgans' musical comedy cabin door. I don't believe *Sounder* shows what the South was like in the lean years, and I don't think the actors believed it either. That, perhaps, is why they revert to a *Porgy and Bess* kind of Negro "realism"—all except Miss Tyson, who plays what she knows, not what the script says. The producer of *Sounder* is Robert Radnitz who, I learn from Roger Greenspun of *The New York Times*, specializes in films for children. □

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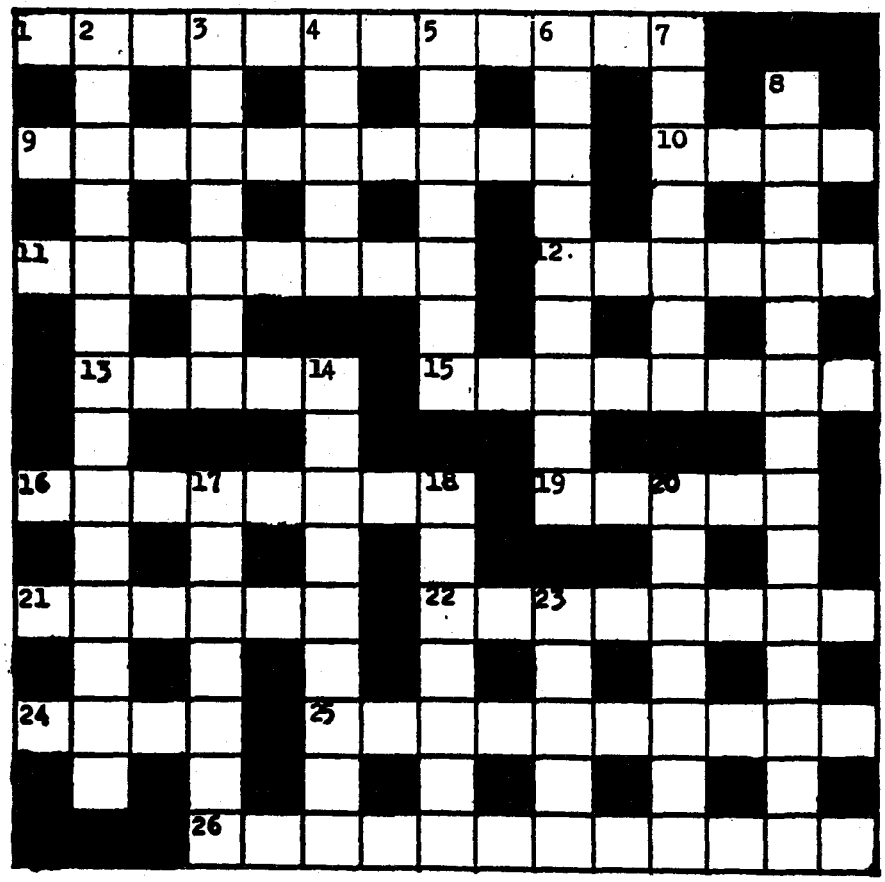

ACROSS

1 In addition to those chosen by the sports writers, we are. (3-9)
9 Second highest on the fiddle with the possible net result being sharp. (10)
10 What one might have in the stomach, eventually. (4)
11 Hers was a suit, in *Trial by Jury*, that fitted a heavenly body, in a fashion. (8)
12 Having an objective of first-class china? (6)
13 You could find it so, a port of ancient Rome. (5)
15 18 down and 24 across Reputedly it involved an animal act to start this off. (3,5,7,4)
16 Relating to such things as may tell you the shape the country is in! (8)
19 Such meat's prepared by applying water to 24. (5)
21 A very material outlook, from one point of view. (6)
22 It might involve an especially youthful outbreak. (8)
24 See 15 across
25 What they do at Mt. Wilson with such as Jesse Owens. (5,5)
26 Peroration, for example, or possibly an interjection. (4,2,6)

DOWN

2 Unable to cope, when one is missing a suitcase? (6,4,4)
3 What one might do to grievances and rage, to let a little outside inside. (3,4)
4 Proving even nuisances are also filled with boredom. (5)
5 The next CIA disguise you see might be not so precise. (7)
6 Aardvarks aren't true ones, being found in a near state of confusion. (9)
7 It might cause 26 to be involuntarily interrupted. (7)
8 Though possibly a charming spot, a sort of illusionary description is fitting. (14)
14 This should show your height. (9)
17 How one might engage in an automated approach to things. (5,2)
18 See 15 across
20 Give right this way. (7)
23 Where one shouldn't buy pigs? (Pushes bonnets, however.) (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1458

ACROSS: 8 College freshmen; 9 Combat; 10 Hornpipe; 13 Tangerines; 15 Esquire; 16 and 19 Two-Part Inventions; 21 Laps; 22 Autobahn; 24 Enrobe; 26 Essay on Roast Pig. DOWN: 1 Coroner's inquest; 2 Club; 3 Agitator; 5 Hearse; 6 and 11 Whippets; 7 and 4 People's Republic of China; 12 Shute; 14 Impel; 17 Wesleyan; 18 Corners; 20 Teapot; 23 Oman; 25 Rote.

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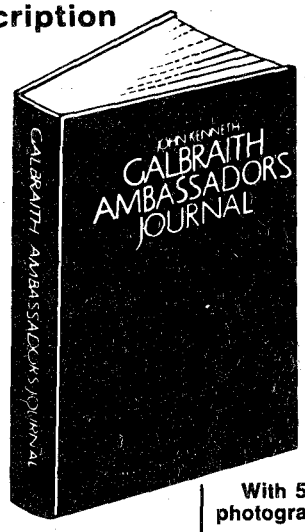

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